

# The Nation

VOL. XII., No. 19.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1913.

[PRICE 6D.  
Postage: U.K., 1d. Abroad, 1d.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	765	A Much-needed Licensing Reform. By J. Spencer Hill ...	784
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		Sugar and Protection. By C. Prochownik ...	784
First Principles of a Land Policy ...	768	The Problem of Rural Housing. By Hugh Aronson ...	784
The Coming Education Bill ...	769	Can we Still be Christians? By C. Callaway ...	784
The Renewal of the War ...	770	National Defence and the People. By Poore Persoun of a Toune ...	785
America and the Income Tax ...	771	"The Man Himself." By David Paterson ...	785
Religion and Establishment ...	772	The Distress in the Balkans. By Noel Buxton, M.P. ...	785
A LONDON DIARY. By A Wayfarer ...	773	POETRY:—	
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		A Translation of the Hymn of St. Francis: "Il Cantico del Sole." By H. J. M. ...	785
An Anatomy of Melancholy ...	774	THE WORLD OF BOOKS ...	786
The Danger of Horrors ...	775	REVIEWS:—	
A Chapter in the History of the Minimum Wage ...	777	The Story of the Welsh Establishment ...	787
The Mountains Violate ...	778	Watts ...	788
SHORT STUDIES:—		The Land of Contrasts ...	789
Old Age. By Anton Tekehoff. Translated by Sasha Kropotkin ...	779	Letters of a Diplomatist ...	790
MUSIC:—		Mr. Gosse's Criticisms ...	792
Scriabine's "Prometheus." By Ernest Newman ...	781	Color and Outline ...	792
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
The Coming Education Bill. By A. J. Mundella ...	782	The Monthly Reviews ...	794
Mr. Roger Fry's Criticism. By Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Sir W. B. Richmond, and Lytton Strachey ...	783	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	794
Women and Liberalism. By Mrs. Swanwick ...	783		
"A Guaranteed Bill." By S. A. B. ...	783		
Men and Woman Suffrage. By a Member of the Sociological Society ...	783		

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE renewed war which the Young Turks have challenged began punctually on the expiry of the armistice after sundown on Monday. There has been a more or less continuous bombardment at Adrianople, but there is nothing to suggest the use of very heavy guns, and only a small area of the city is affected. Some houses have been burned. Both sides officially report fighting on a small scale near Gallipoli on Wednesday, the Bulgarians claiming to have routed the enemy in great disorder, and the Turks confessing to a strategic retreat. But the smaller vessels of the Turkish fleet are already hampering the Bulgarian advance on the Marmora side of the narrow Gallipoli peninsula. There are rumors that the Turks may attempt to harass the Bulgarians before Tchataldja by means of one or two flying columns landed in their rear, a corps from Trebizond going to Midia, and another from Ismid descending near Rodosto. It is rather doubtful, however, whether the Turks have transport equal to such undertakings on any considerable scale. On their right the Bulgarian forces facing the Tchataldja lines have

been slightly concentrated and drawn back, a move which may be meant to tempt the Turks out into the open.

RELIABLE observers describe the condition of the Turkish Government and the army as utterly hopeless. Mr. Ashmead Bartlett declares that the Minister of Finance is no longer looking for millions, he is hunting "under the carpets" for thousands. An attempt is being made to sell the crown jewels, and to raise a holy loan among Indian Moslems. Even so friendly an observer as the correspondent of the "Kölnische Zeitung" confirms the fact of the dissension in the army, and reports that the greater part of it is against the Government, and looks to Pertev Pasha, the friend of the murdered Nazim, for moral leadership.

THE Kurdish levies cause particular anxiety, and Enver Bey was mobbed outside their quarters. There is no longer the least doubt that faction fighting has occurred among the rival parties of officers, and the "Times" speaks of 160 wounded. These were smuggled, with every precaution of secrecy, across the Bosphorus. It is easy to credit the persistent rumors which declare that the Turkish Government is even now negotiating directly with the Bulgarians for the surrender of Adrianople, subject, of course, to special terms as to the guardianship of the mosques and the spiritual authority of the Caliph. It is rumored, also, that Bulgaria has revised her convention with Servia, and has agreed to leave her in possession of the indisputably Bulgarian region of Monastir.

THE strain between Austria and Russia, which has kept both their armies partially mobilised for over two months, is this week perceptibly eased. Prince Gottfried Hohenlohe, a soldier who was formerly Austrian attaché in St. Petersburg, was sent to the Tsar as the bearer of a personal letter from the Emperor Francis Joseph, and it is understood that he was authorised to conduct negotiations. The atmosphere in St. Petersburg was one of pleasurable expectation, and clearly there has been no hitch or disappointment. The questions at issue were probably wider than the Balkans, and may have included many delicate issues that turn on the disputed leadership of these Powers in the Slav world—in particular, the Russian propaganda among the Ruthenians of Galicia. It is hoped that a meeting between M. Sazonoff and Count Berchtold will soon follow and knit up the traditional courtesies which Baron von Aerenthal broke, and that the reserves with the colors will presently be disbanded. Perhaps because of this decidedly pacific attitude in Vienna, the attitude of Roumania towards Bulgaria is also perceptibly less menacing. There is not much scope now for the jackal's trade.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, speaking at a dinner following the presentation of his portrait at the National Liberal Club, outlined the main tendencies of the coming land policy, without, however, laying down any definite plan. The inquiry, he said, had revealed the fact that

great numbers of men and women dependent on the land were living in a shocking condition in regard to wages, housing, and hours of labor, a state which hardly raised them above semi-starvation. Our land-system discouraged enterprise and brains, and hardly produced half its proper return in food for the community. There had been a general flight of laborers into the towns, which, in its turn, had depressed urban wages and created urban unemployment. The system injured not only the hand workers but traders, manufacturers, and professional men. The remedy was not to put a tax on food, nor the crushing of the land under fresh taxation. What was wanted was to show the evils and the ineptitude of the system, and call on the common-sense of the country to put it right.

THE Government's plans and intentions have been very crudely expanded by writers who suggest that one of the proposals is to fix agricultural wages at a minimum of £1 a week—a statement sharply denied by the Prime Minister, and, of course, going entirely beyond the facts. No such proposal has ever been made, nor is it conceivable that a body of statesmen would offer at once to turn what is practically the maximum agricultural wage into a State minimum. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, heckled on these exaggerations on Thursday, replied demurely that from what he knew of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, his "right hon. friend" was incapable of making a speech of which the Prime Minister disapproved. Mr. Mitchell-Thomson then suggested that Mr. Asquith had "torpedoed" Mr. George's "land scheme." "Speaking on behalf of the Prime Minister," replied Mr. George, "I do not think the Chancellor of the Exchequer has proposed any land scheme." But it is safe to say that the wage question will not be left out of the new scheme any more than the allied problems of housing and land-tenure.

THE immense improvement which has for some months declared itself in Anglo-German relations was legible in every line of the speech which the new German Ambassador made at a dinner in the Hotel Cecil on Saturday last, the Kaiser's birthday. It contained no indiscreet revelations, but it spoke emphatically of the joint efforts made by Great Britain and Germany to keep the peace of Europe during the Balkan crisis. It is no secret that the Kaiser used his great personal influence with the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at the decisive moment. Of the Kaiser, Prince Lichnowsky spoke as the "friend of this beautiful country, a personality particularly adapted to draw the two nations yet closer together." The whole tone was optimistic, and was summarised in the prediction that "with a good undertaking and friendship between Great Britain and Germany, and with both resolved to advance unrelentingly the work of industrial development, we may look forward without anxiety to whatever vicissitudes the future may bring forth." A curious libel action in Berlin has this week revealed the fact that Herr von Kiderlen Waechter personally wrote the decisive *communiqué* in the "North German Gazette" on November 25th, which meant in effect that Germany would discourage all aggressive tendencies on Austria's part.

THE Welsh Disestablishment Bill has been passing through its last stages in the Commons this week, and on Wednesday the Third Reading was carried by a majority of 107 votes—347 to 240. This, of course, is the normal Ministerial majority, recovered after some

perilous passes. The opposition of the Liberal Moderates persisted through Report, and it has not been without effect, for at Mr. Gladstone's instance the Government have introduced a new and very proper clause, giving the disestablished Church the option of commuting the life interest of the clergy for a fixed sum of £2,000,000, to be paid by the Commissioners to the representative body.

UNFORTUNATELY the Government and the Opposition could not agree on the substance of the commutation scheme. The latter asked that the annuities should be put upon a three per cent. basis, while the Government calculated on a three and a half per cent. basis. One party contended that the Government scheme would land the Church in a loss, the other that she would be well covered by her power to invest her money at over three and a half per cent., by the allowance of two and a half per cent. for management, and by other concessions. It would seem as if the Government's scheme were not far from being a fair one, for, when it was hinted that if the Opposition disapproved, the new clause would be dropped, Mr. Lyttelton urged his friends to accept it. On Tuesday the Opposition returned to snap tactics. Dividing in the early afternoon on an amendment of Captain Tryon to give the Church the glebe, they contrived to reduce the Government's majority to 28—248 to 220. A renewed proposal in favor of concurrent endowment was rejected by 278 votes to 167, the Opposition reverting to their decision that it was "irreligious" to divert money from "sacred" to "secular" purposes, and the spokesmen of Non-conformity again refusing to touch a penny of Church funds.

THE Third Reading debate left the ground of finance, though Mr. McKenna contributed to it the statement that the Church would be left in possession of £208,000 of its total of £260,000 of endowments. Mr. Lyttelton moved the rejection of the Bill, mainly on the ground of the disservice done to the Welsh Church in cutting it off from England and from its historic place in Convocation, and the doubtful Welsh and English feeling on disendowment. Mr. Lloyd George's retort was a brilliant sketch of Welsh religious feeling and history, and of Wales's claim to adjust her own spiritual affairs. He insisted that Wales had never followed the successive changes in English religion, and that her own development had at each stage of her national life been independent and even hostile. Thus she preferred preaching to ritual; revivalism had taken with her the place of the Oxford movement. England had fashioned her religious forms to suit herself; and she had no right to force them on Wales. Lord Hugh Cecil's and Mr. Law's reply was in the main to identify national religion with Establishments, and (in the latter case) to cry "cant" and "robbery." Mr. Lyttelton's motion was supported by Sir Edward Beauchamp, but apparently only three Liberals, including Mr. Gladstone, deliberately abstained.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN made an interesting speech on Saturday, declaring that, as the combined result of the closure and the Parliament Act, both Houses had lost reality and interest. In the Commons the Government became more and more powerful and the ordinary member more and more ineffectual. In the past votes might be changed by speeches, and Ministerial proposals modified or withdrawn by persistent attack or pressure. This, however, was no longer possible—a statement which the debates on the Welsh Bill and the

concessions to the Liberal churchmen do not quite justify. As for the House of Lords, Mr. Chamberlain contended that, as it could only effect delay, it had lost its dignity and interest. Probably unrestricted freedom of debate was no longer possible, but a revival of old liberties ought to be attempted.

\* \* \*

At the last moment the negotiations between China and the Six Powers for a loan extending eventually to twenty-five millions sterling, have been broken off. The Ministers had met to sign the contract, when the representative of France objected to the proposed arrangements for the nomination of three foreign inspectors. He claimed either that all should belong to neutral States, or that one should be French, and his objection is supposed to be in reality to the nomination of a German. The moment for the rupture was awkwardly chosen for China, for an immediate advance had been expected, as the next day was the last of the lunar year, when many debts fall due. The Minister of Finance has addressed a rather sharply worded letter to the Powers, complaining of the raising of side issues, and reserving the right to deal with other financial houses, and to hypothecate for any other loan a proportionate amount of the salt revenues, which were the security offered to the Six Powers. It is not clear whether the exacting attitude of France represents the purely financial views of her own bankers, or is a political move in which she is acting for Russia.

\* \* \*

THE Opposition appears to have decided to accept the Trade Union Bill. It passed the third reading in the Commons without a division, and Lord Lansdowne did not challenge the second reading in the House of Lords. He desired, he said, to receive it in a "cautious" but "not an unreasonable" spirit—a very different spirit, we observe, from that which the Tories applied to it in Grand Committee. Lord Lansdowne hinted, however, that the protection given to dissenting minorities was inadequate, and that there ought to be a provision that at least fifty per cent. of a union took part in the ballots. Furthermore, he thought that the identity of the dissenting voters ought not to be disclosed. Apparently, Lord Lansdowne also wishes for a separate levy for the political fund instead of a general fund for all purposes of the union. If changes of this character are inserted, the Bill will be greatly weakened.

\* \* \*

THE movement in the House of Commons for carrying the new Woman Suffrage Bill has developed on somewhat different lines from those which we had hoped it would take. The joint "Cabinet" has not been formed. For the present, the Liberal members have constituted a Committee by themselves, and the Tories have done the same. We understand, however, that the two bodies propose to consult later on, with a view to agreeing on the lines of the Bill. Meanwhile, the agitation among the women's societies is naturally great, and a strong meeting of protest, organised by the Federated Council of Suffrage Societies, was held at Queen's Hall on Wednesday night. Mr. Shaw, writing to the promoters, declined to join in an indiscriminate censure of Mr. Asquith and the Government, and pointedly attacked the Speaker, saying that he had "concealed his *coup de main* from the Government until the last moment, so as to discredit them and defeat the women at one stroke." He added a caustic allusion to a Speaker who is "lax in respect of Bills to which he is indifferent, and strict in respect of Bills of which he disapproves."

THE Scottish Temperance Bill has been shorn by the Commons of all the large amendments added to it by the Lords—the scheme of compulsory insurance, the doubling of the time-limit, and the setting up of a fresh "option" of disinterested management. We much regret that the Government refused this last proposal, the point of which, as Mr. Balfour truly said, was to open to the people a fresh option of great promise, not to force anything on them of which they disapproved. However, the Government stood fast, though a great deal of enlightened Liberal and Scottish opinion opposed them, and disinterested management was struck out of the Bill by 221 votes to 104.

\* \* \*

So far as we can gather, the Insurance Act is working well, and doctors in crowded neighborhoods report generally that they are not over-burdened, and that their incomes are improving. The drastic action of the members of some of the hospital staffs in London is in sharp distinction to the willing service of the doctors on the insurance panels. So far from helping to make the work of the panel doctors easier, they have peremptorily dismissed their out-patients who were insured persons, in the case of "Bart's" to the tune of two hundred a day. The public has been sympathetic towards the agitation for improved payment for medical services, but it will hardly tolerate an organised attempt to boycott an Act of Parliament. In the provinces, the hospitals are largely supported by contributions from the industrial population. In London, on the other hand, many of the most important hospitals are endowed. At the same time, with an ever-increasing expenditure, they look forward, year by year, to receiving money from charitable funds. And it seems strange policy for hospitals to turn away from their doors the clinical material on which their reputations as schools of medicine depends.

\* \* \*

WE have received an interesting letter from a Chinese correspondent which throws valuable light upon Russian intrigues in Mongolia. It appears from his statement that Russia has followed in Mongolia the same methods as in Persia. She has found a little clique of reactionary nobles who will forward her interests. The demand for Mongolian "independence," which meant, of course, a Russian protectorate, came only from one of the two chief ecclesiastics of Mongolia, the Hutuktu of Urga, and two of the feudal chiefs. The Mongols are grouped in clans and "banners" under feudal princes, who are their accepted political leaders. These, with two exceptions, are anti-Russian and satisfied with the Chinese connection.

\* \* \*

THEIR league, the "Association of Mongolian Princes and Dignitaries," has had no share in inviting Russia's forward move, and has protested against the manoeuvres of the small pro-Russian faction. The Chinese suspect that the main inducement to Russia is to acquire the good fighting material of Mongolia. Some 100,000 Mongolian "Cossacks" might be raised. Training under Russian officers has already begun, and such a force might repeat the exploits of Yenghiz Khan in a new conquest of China. Clearly there is both a Mongolian and a Chinese standpoint to consider, and our correspondent invites us to remember what consequences to British trade and prestige in China would be involved if we should allow the process of partition to begin.



## Politics and Affairs.

### FIRST PRINCIPLES OF A LAND POLICY.

A WHOLE series of events and tendencies have long been contributing to raise the rural land question into the prominence which Mr. Lloyd George formally accorded it in his important speech last week. The legislation upon sweated trades and the Government's action in the wages of miners and railway workers made the demand for a minimum wage for agricultural labor inevitable. The unfulfilled hopes and expectations raised by the Small Holdings and Allotments Act crave satisfaction. Floods of light have recently been poured upon the dismal truths of rural housing, and the establishment of the Development Board, with its wide educational and stimulative factors, is a definite admission of the duty of the State to give assistance to rural industries. Among all reformers, irrespective of party attachments, there exists a substantial agreement upon the chief defects of the existing system. The failure of the agricultural wage in large sections of the country to support a laboring family in efficiency and decency, the low quality of the housing accommodation, the lack of social liberty, are admitted grievances of the rural laborer. The precarious legal and financial condition of the tenant farmer, alike under the leasing or the annual tenancy system, though eased a little lately by the rise of agricultural prices, opens up a second great agricultural question. Tenants will not bring to bear enough capital, skill, and administrative ability upon farming until the industry is put upon a more reliable business footing, and offers a fair prospect of reward to successful enterprise. The public, also, has a high and definite interest in securing conditions which shall increase the productivity of the soil, and maintain a large and prosperous rural population.

But while there is this substantial agreement upon defects, Conservatives and Liberals differ widely as to lines of remedy. The Unionist Party has committed itself to the outlines of a policy of voluntary land-purchase. Lavish sums of public money are to be supplied for buying land which landlords want to get rid of, and for establishing upon it groups of little owners who shall cultivate all the instincts of private property, be bulwarks against "Socialism," and voters for "Protection." The practical futility of such proposals is proved by the failure of past legislation to evoke the slightest demand for ownership on the part of laborers. Working men have no idea of staking their all upon a single fixed plot of earth, amid the shifting conditions of modern markets.

A Liberal policy of rural reform will rightly begin with remedying the evil conditions of the laborers' life and work. But these remedial measures, to be effective, must involve a general readjustment of the relations between landowner, tenant-farmer, and laborer, both as regards their control of agricultural industry and as regards the distribution of the gains accruing from it. It is right that a foremost place in this process of adjustment should be given to the establishment of a minimum wage. The wages that prevail in most parts

of Southern England are an intolerable scandal, and upon their rise hinges in large measure the solution of the housing and other vital problems. But the principle of the minimum wage need not bind us too closely at the outset to any particular method of securing it. We may come to extending the compulsory powers of the Trades Boards Act to agriculture, or to the bestowal of similar powers to regulate wages to the Land Courts, to which Mr. George appears to incline as an instrument for the adjustment of rent, and of other relations between landlord and tenant. But it will be well to remember that legal compulsion is not the only hopeful method by which agricultural wages may be raised. A large and well enforced small-holding scheme, enabling a substantial proportion of the present laborers to become landholders on their own account, would bring about a natural, and perhaps a substantial, increase of pay for those who continued to work for farmers. Again, a publicly financed and administered reform of housing, which carried with it a patch of garden for every house, would give a measure of independence that must react favorably upon wages. Moreover, though the fanaticism of single-taxers has, in our judgment, overstressed the importance of rating reforms, it is certain that any transfer of rates and taxes from rural capital on to land values would have a favorable influence on employment and on wages.

Some, trusting wholly to these indirect methods of raising wages, are inclined to look askance at attempts to bring legal compulsion to bear upon employers. We are disposed, however, to think that these indirect incentives will prove too slow and too unreliable to enable us to dispense with all legal compulsion. But though the guiding principle of such a policy must be the securing of a real living wage for all laborers, nothing is gained by attempts to stereotype this wage by naming 20s. or any other sum of money as a general or universal standard. For it is clear that the obligation to square this principle with the other principle of charging "what the trade will bear," must imply a certain elasticity of local treatment, adapted not only to the actual profits of the farmer, but to the rent he pays, and the price his produce can command in the market. To the demand for a living wage it can, however, be no sufficient answer that the farm is rented on so high a basis that the farmer cannot afford to pay such a wage. Of course, many difficulties will be raised against any vigorous attempt to handle the wage question. It will be said that an attack is made upon "the agricultural interests," just when they are beginning to recover from a ruinous depression and to enjoy a little prosperity, and that any attempt to raise the wage-bill of the farmer will force arable land into pasture, reduce the employment of labor, and aggravate the very evils it is sought to remedy. On the other hand, it may be replied that a period of rising prices and profits is the very time for insisting on improvements in the lot of labor, and for trying new experiments in rural life and industry. The housing problem in villages is evidently insoluble unless a substantial rise in wages accompanies any powers that may be given to local authorities to subsidise the building or the acquisition



of cottages. Subsidies may be a temporary expedient to stimulate the provision of better houses than laborers can afford to hire on ordinary business terms. But they are not a permanent policy.

We are thus evidently confronted with a cluster of interdependent problems, for no one of which a separate satisfactory solution can be found. Wages, small holdings, housing, taxation, are clearly bound together by closely interacting forces in any valid scheme of rural reform. The expense of financing a comprehensive scheme, were it to fall wholly or chiefly on the public purse, might prove too great. But there is every reason to believe that the industry of agriculture itself, here, as in such a country as Denmark, rescued from landlordism, administered with intelligence and skill, and pursued by laborers with a personal stake in the land, and a spur to give out their full efficiency, would maintain all those who contribute the labor of their brain or hands in an adequate degree of comfort and prosperity.

One factor must not, however, be omitted. If we are to look to a multiplication of small cultivators as the mainstay of a rural revival, effective habits and institutions of co-operation will be found essential to their success. To co-operation in their holding and in certain productive processes, they must add co-operative credit. And here we would suggest that the State might reasonably, and quite cheaply, lend a helping hand, by affording the use of some of its waste asset of credit as a support or guarantee of the credit of local groups. This, in our judgment, is pre-eminently a work for the State, not for the private joint-stock banks. The scheme just put forward by the Board of Agriculture for the encouragement of rural finance through the ordinary banking institutions is predestined to complete futility. Such work is technically unsuitable to our highly centralised joint-stock banks, and the new proposals furnish no new motives to induce them to enter upon a line of work which hitherto they have not found profitable. State credit on equal and on easy terms, is an essential to the setting of national agriculture upon a business footing.

#### THE COMING EDUCATION BILL.

"TWENTY-TWO Liberal engagements," wrote Matthew Arnold, in a still famous essay, "and the reform of middle-class education not one of them." "Seven years of great Liberal majorities and of strong Liberal Governments, and still no Education Act," the reformers of these latter days may well respond. No scheme for creating a national system of education, with a fixed and responsible head, and an amply endowed exchequer. No true link established between the artificially named and needlessly estranged grades of elementary, secondary, and higher education, each answering to a division in our social order. No plan for the national training of teachers, and the creation of a national standard of educational fitness, tested by national certificates and examinations, conducting the scholar—rich or poor, gentle or simple—from the true "elements" of learning up to the University, and thence

opening out to him the arts, the professions, and the various departments of the Civil Service. Some progress, indeed, we have made. The nation boasts some excellent "civic" Universities, as Lord Haldane called them. A few poor scholars escape from the pen of the "elementary" school, and through the device of "free places," have begun to scale the loftier steps of the educational ladder. A more liberal treatment and endowment of science and modern learning has arisen in our great cities, and in many middle-class and upper-class schools. But in some respects we have gone backwards. The educational life of sixteen-sevenths of the nation still begins and ends in the elementary school. And the policy of "delimitation" which the Cockerton judgment set up has even widened the gap between it and intermediate instruction. The middle-class "academy," at which Arnold scoffed, is dying, but an effective substitute is still to seek. The "squire's school" and the "clergyman's school" are still with us. The true national school—that is to say, the school for all—endowed, supported, inspected by the State for the people, the system of intellectual training whose comprehensive sweep and governing force the Frenchman describes as "*L'Université*," and which every Continental community adapts to its special forms of spiritual and economic need—we have hardly begun to establish. And yet an endowment such as this would be the most precious, the most characteristic, gift of Liberalism to the nation.

We rejoice, therefore, to see that Lord Haldane has broken a long silence, and taken up a long-neglected task. Some vagueness necessarily attaches to first sketches of a programme which a busy Cabinet has as yet had no time to think out. But Lord Haldane seems to us to have chosen the right watchwords. He pleads for the only thing that is worth fighting for, a national system of education, to be conceived and directed as a "whole." That ideal in itself carries us a long way. It implies the national training of teachers. It ought to imply the national inspectorate of all schools, instead of some, coupled with national certificates of efficiency. We may, of course, choose to leave Eton and Marlborough alone as institutions for supplying poetry, and life, and incomes for the upper classes, or we can treat them as in the same line—not, of course, at the same point of the line—as the humblest "provided" school in the land. But if we leave the public schools and the middle-class schools alone, we are bound to make a great State provision for secondary education. For our part we strongly hope that as far as possible we shall aim at eliminating educational distinctions which depend on class, that we shall make admission to the Universities conditional on a course of secondary education, and that the steps of the ladder from the elementary to the secondary school will also be clearly and firmly marked. For these purposes the State wants power and it wants money. It will want power to vary the form of instruction, it will want money to entice parents to extend the school period, and to feed an adequate number of Universities and higher centres of specialised training. Some beginnings in this process of raising the standard we have made. Already we

have almost turned the school into a nucleus of a system of physical nurture and culture. In other words, we are fitting so many thousands of young minds and bodies to bear the strain of continuous education. How can we possibly refuse them the chance of reaping the harvest where the school clinic and the school meal and the Care Committee have sown the seed? But in the new process of extending and varying and nationalising education for the children of the industrial workers, we shall find ourselves involved in the problem of middle-class and smaller middle-class education. Secondary education is still, as in Arnold's day, what Lord Haldane described as "our worst and weakest spot." And every fresh advance in the standard of the "provided" school and its secondary feeder will make the middle-classes turn to their political leaders and representatives with the anxious inquiry—"Where do we come in?" Then, indeed, will arise a great moral and intellectual stir in the community, a great dissatisfaction with the poverty of middle-class education, and a great demand for a richer supply. That supply can only come from the State. And it will be immensely quickened when the middle-classes realise that the State, as an educational authority, can only minister to the nation as a whole, and that if we retain our passion for inequality and social disunion, we must eventually lose our primacy in commerce, and our general intellectual rank among the organised communities.

We hope, therefore, with Lord Haldane that there will be a general and keen awakening of interest in this great subject, which should be ripe for treatment by the Government in 1914. We shall be told that we can take no step without coming upon the impassable religious difficulty. The Church of England no doubt has her claims. She still spends some millions a year on education, her clergymen and officers still devote much time and self-sacrificing energy to it. But she can no longer pretend to compete with the State. It must increase, she must diminish. The single school districts she is already on the point of abandoning; and as soon as a Liberal Minister can devise a plan for securing her a means of keeping touch on the religious side with the scholars that she can really call her own, she will be willing, we imagine, to strike an honorable peace. A hostile State, a State bent on establishing the definite superiority of the State-trained teachers and the State-supported schools, must beat her. Why then should she resist? And how, in fact, could she resist a measure whose evident purpose was the provision and full equipment of a system of national culture, based on equal educational opportunities for rich and poor alike? Neither of the Archbishops is an obscurantist, and we fancy that Dr. Davidson and Dr. Lang would draw back from such a contest as this, and that not a few of their followers on the Bench of Bishops would draw back too. For it is clear that the present dualism in education cannot last. It is too evident a piece of patchwork, an anachronism in modern State life. And if it is equally clear that the Liberal Party can reform it, why should not the Church, which, after all, moves with the rest of the world, take its due share of credit and responsibility for the approaching and inevitable change?

### THE RENEWAL OF THE WAR.

It is a rare thing in the history of war for a conflict to be renewed after both sides have loyally observed a prolonged armistice. Men's blood cools rapidly when once the impulse of the advance has been checked, and the overwhelming interests which make for peace have a way of asserting themselves imperiously when the sentimental exaltation of the actual conflict has subsided. These mental and material forces were powerfully at work in Turkey until the sudden plot of the Committee faction overthrew Kiamil Pasha on the eve of a surrender. It is hard, even yet, to admit that the war which has begun again will be continued in the genuine spirit of unflinching self-sacrifice. We do not see among the Turks that heroic spirit which united the French under Gambetta and Thiers after Sedan. There has been no rising of a nation to repel the invader, and the little rally of a handful of conspirators in Constantinople which overthrew the Ministry of Peace made a scurry contrast to the unanimous uprising of Paris to end the Empire and continue the war. As always since Abdul Hamid was coerced into granting a Constitution, only one section of the Turkish people seems politically alive, and even its life is to-day a confused congestion in its brain. The army, the whole army, acted then. To-day, it is only the head that lives, and the head is engaged in a dialogue with itself. The officers at Tchataldja are the Turkish Empire, and there can no longer be a doubt that they are rent by factions which have actually drawn their swords against each other. It seems unlikely, therefore, that the renewed war will be either bloody or long. We can well believe that a romantic soldier like Enver Bey, whose exploits in Tripoli were a trial, not merely of soldiership, but of character, will insist on some aggressive effort—a sudden raid, perhaps, with a division of picked men protected by the Fleet. An exploit of that kind, even if it were rewarded by some partial and temporary success, might make rather for the prompt ending of the war than for its prolongation. It would soften the bitterness of defeat, and satisfy the wounded military honor of the younger officers.

On the Bulgarian side, however, it is quite conceivable that the renewal of the war may unchain a rather more difficult temper. A victorious people, which has been fined and penalised by Turkish delays through a long armistice, hardly less costly than actual war, will wish, if the chance presents itself, to recoup itself for its losses. It cannot retort in kind. An indemnity, if it were imposed on Turkey by the Treaty of Peace, would be nothing but a figure of speech. It is the established rule of her long history that Turkey does not pay indemnities. It is some concrete advantage in broad acres which Bulgaria must secure if she is to feel that the weeks and months that may elapse before a formal peace seals her crowning victory at Lulu Burgas have been nothing but an uncompensated loss of treasure and life. We hope for our part that she will not again attempt the murderous enterprise of a frontal attack on the Tchataldja lines. She can carry them only by consenting to the decimation of her male population, and it is morally certain that if she were to occupy Constantinople the Powers would

not permit her to annex it. Her first object must be to take Adrianople, and it is quite possible that the place may fall after its long endurance and hard privations, without an assault and even without a heavy bombardment. There is another task which may attract Bulgarian ambitions. They hold Rodosto indeed, but while Gallipoli remains in Turkish hands, and with it the key of the Dardanelles, the Bulgarians are not secure upon the coast of Marmora. It is probable that this exploit did not at first allure them. There is practically no Bulgarian population in these regions, and they have never found Greeks a particularly easy element to assimilate. But as fortune has favored them, the ambition to be a maritime Power has perceptibly grown in their minds. They have come down to the Ægean, and a Power which touches that sea is bound to build a fleet. They will hold some of the roads to Asia, and its trade, when they think of the distant future, manifestly interests them. These are motives which may influence them to attempt, with the aid of the Greek fleet, the rather difficult adventure of taking Gallipoli. Should that succeed, the sea road is open to the capital, and one fleet or the other, that of the Concert or that of the Greeks, must impose a final peace upon the Turks.

It is only with a severely qualified satisfaction that the record of the Powers in this crisis can be reviewed from a European standpoint. The Concert has been kept together. It has, up to a point, exercised pressure for peace. But, as at the outbreak of the war, so now on its renewal, the pressure has been inadequate, and the Concert, united in words, has recoiled from the test of deeds. We are not disposed in this survey of a mingled failure and success to place the accent too emphatically on the negative side of this record. It is a miracle that any Concert at all has been created, and the achievement of Sir Edward Grey in bringing the two antagonistic groups into close conference and continual touch has gone far beyond what most students of the situation would have thought possible last October. The fact remains that the war was unnecessary. The Powers, had they been prepared to sanction a naval demonstration, could have imposed Macedonian autonomy on the Porte, while the Allies were mobilising. The terrible loss of life among the combatants on both sides, the still more abominable massacres which the irregulars of all races have perpetrated, the devastation which has turned whole regions of European Turkey into a wilderness, the misery which the British Relief Funds are struggling with inadequate funds, in the face of public apathy, to relieve—all this might have been averted if the sincerity of all the Powers had equalled the goodwill of some. From that evil good has come in the shape of a final settlement, but from the present renewal of the war, it is not obvious that any good at all can result. We have, however, learned in the strain of this long crisis to rely on the reasonable temper and the European patriotism of Germany. To the Kaiser with Sir Edward Grey belongs the inestimable credit of averting a European war. The double task of moderating the pretensions of Austria and the resentments of Russia has been tactfully and

firmly fulfilled. Prince Lichnowsky has just inaugurated his term of office as Ambassador with a hopeful and cordial speech on Anglo-German relations. Speeches we have had in abundance from both sides in the past. But behind the speeches to-day there is the record of good work performed in common. The two Groups are no longer hostile camps. The sense of an active struggle to preserve the balance of power has given way to the realisation of a parallel effort to maintain peace. It is possible at length to hope from the development of this new spirit of co-operation a *rapprochement* which cannot fail in the end to affect the problem of our armaments.

#### AMERICA AND THE INCOME TAX.

THE final ratification last Monday of the income tax amendment to the American Constitution is an event of real note and importance. There are three prescribed ways in which the Constitution of the United States may be amended, but of these only one has ever been followed. Congress, by a two-thirds vote in each House, prepares and proposes the required amendments; but they do not take effect, they cannot be incorporated in the organic law of the land, until ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States. This is a tedious process at best, even when there is absolute unanimity as to the scope and object of the alteration needed. But when no such unanimity exists, when, on the contrary, the question at issue is both a political and a party issue, changing the American Constitution is an enterprise so beset with difficulties that it had almost come to be regarded as impossible.

Since the beginning of the nineteenth century the Americans have altered their fundamental law five times only. The first time was in 1804, when an amendment was adopted settling some disputed points in the method of electing the President and Vice-President. The next three occasions occurred in the 'sixties, when the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments, registering the results of the Civil War, were added to the Constitution without either the assent or participation of the seceding Southern States. Finally, on Monday last, the votes of the Delaware and Wyoming Legislatures secured the necessary majority of three-fourths of the States in favor of an amendment empowering Congress to levy an income tax without regard to the population of the several States. It will thus be seen that in the past hundred and ten years the American Constitution, until this week, had been amended once in a purely technical detail that involved no question of principle, and three times as the consequence of a terrible convulsion. The adoption of the income tax amendment on Monday may, therefore, be said to be the only instance in the course of over a century in which the Constitution of the United States has been altered in any matter of real moment, under normal circumstances, and in accordance with the methods laid down by its framers. It has, of course, been changed in spirit, if not in form, by judicial interpretation, and the slow and subtle growth of custom. Americans, indeed, have more than once bent their organic act of government in order to avoid the necessity



of breaking it; with the result that they are to-day living under an unwritten as well as a written Constitution. But this is the first time that the Constitution has been amended in any vital particular without the shock of civil war, in the past eleven decades; and the first time in over four decades that it has been amended at all.

Nothing illustrates better the tyranny of the dead hand in the United States than the history of the income tax. The Constitution laid it down that no capitation or other direct tax should be imposed except by apportioning its incidence among the several States on the basis of their population. No more effective barrier to any sane system of taxation could possibly have been devised. One has only to stop and consider the utter confusion that would ensue were the burden of direct taxation in Great Britain to be distributed among the counties in proportion to their inhabitants to feel sure that the main intention of this Constitutional provision was not merely to protect the people of the smaller States, but to force the United States Government to depend for its revenue upon indirect taxes. Such at any rate has been its effect. Legal ingenuity, however, can get round anything. The Supreme Court decided as long ago as 1789 that an income tax was not a direct tax, and need not therefore be apportioned among the States. During the Civil War, though not, curiously enough, until every other source of taxable wealth had pretty well run dry, an income tax was actually imposed by three separate Acts of Congress, the Act of 1864 levying a tax of 5 per cent. on all incomes between £120 and £1,000, and of 10 per cent. on all incomes above £1,000. The tax continued to be collected up to 1872, when it was repealed, and it is a remarkable proof of the American skill in evasion that when the limit of exemption was fixed at £200, only some 250,000 people out of a total of 37,000,000 acknowledged the receipt of taxable incomes. Mr. Gladstone's dictum that an income tax made a nation of liars, and that nothing does more to demoralise and corrupt the people, could certainly not be challenged by an appeal to American experience.

The constitutional character of the tax, when levied without apportionment among the component States of the Union, was once more fully argued out in the Supreme Court which in 1880 reaffirmed its decision of 1789 that a tax on incomes was not a direct tax. Some fifteen years later, however, the question emerged again, and in a crucial form. The Democrats came into power in 1893, and proceeded to reduce the Tariff, relying upon a tax of 2 per cent. on all incomes of over £800 to make good the expected loss of revenue. The Supreme Court in 1895 shattered all their fiscal plans and policies by pronouncing the income tax to be a direct tax, and therefore incapable of being levied, except in strict proportion to the population of the various States, and therefore, in effect, incapable of being levied at all.

That decision, in all its absurdity, has stood ever since, a monstrous example of the folly of allowing a Court from which there is no appeal to determine the validity of a legislative enactment. Its consequences were to deny to the United States Government the right

to tax incomes, to restrict it still further to customs duties as virtually its sole source of revenue, to deprive it of a power that might one day be vital to the safety of the Union, and to exhibit it in a condition of feebleness that was altogether incompatible with any rational conception of a sovereign State. It is true that the Supreme Court has changed not only its *personnel* but its spirit, and its whole attitude towards questions of public policy, since 1895. It has more and more allowed the influence of the age and the necessities of the times and the clear demands of social and economic justice to moderate its decisions; and had the question of an income tax been brought before it any time in the last five years it would probably have reversed its judgment of 1895. But Mr. Taft was undoubtedly right when he urged in 1909 that the risk of another adverse decision was too great to be run, and that the safer course was to proceed by way of an amendment to the Constitution.

A great obstacle has thus been cleared from the path of the Democrats. To-day, as twenty years ago, the crucial question that confronts them is the downward revision of the tariff. It can only be effectively accomplished if they possess and can exercise the power to offset the almost inevitable decline in revenue by the imposition of a tax on incomes. The ratification of the amendment gives them this power, and they will not be slow to wield it. It is true that they will still be embarrassed by the dual sovereignty that permeates the American form of government. One of the essential principles of the American Constitution is that the Federal Government cannot tax the agencies and instrumentalities of a State Government, nor a State Government tax the agencies and instrumentalities of the Federal Government. Congress, in other words, in spite of the adoption of the income-tax amendment, cannot tax incomes derived from investments in State or Municipal bonds, any more than a State could levy on the salary of a Federal office-holder; and it may prove a matter of considerable difficulty and delay to draw the exact line between the taxing prerogatives enjoyed by the two authorities. It is true also that the Democrats betray little real scientific knowledge of the form an income-tax should take. They baldly propose to exact a uniform percentage on all incomes of over £1,000. The principles of graduation, the distinction between earned and unearned income, the rebates that ought to be allowed, the methods of calculation and assessment—on all such points their minds at present appear to be a blank. Enlightenment, no doubt, will come with experience. The great thing is that Congress should at last be in a position to utilise as equitable a system of taxation as any that has yet been devised.

#### RELIGION AND ESTABLISHMENT.

WE wonder as we read the concluding debates on the Welsh Church Bill, whether, if the Opposition were given the choice of an established Church without endowment, and an endowed but disestablished community, they would not take the latter alternative. "Institutionalism" is almost the passion of our age, and

modern institutions cannot be run without money. But it is a long step from the idea that money is the root of all evil to the position, which some of the champions of the Welsh Church seem to hold, that it is a kind of sacramental cup from which the wine of God is poured. And it is surely an extreme form of the institutionalist creed to ask the country to bewail the fate of a Church that carries with it into the open field of religious activities £208,000 out of a total endowment of £260,000. Of course, if religious freedom is a gift of no account, the smallest price that can be asked for it is excessive. But the Church in Wales has presumably a spiritual life of its own, and if it is suggested that it cannot exist without the State, even though it retains five-sixths of its endowments, we confess to thinking it a little wanting in courage and in faith. For our part, we reject the entire plea for associating Churches with the State on the ground that they preserve and enhance its Christian character, and we shall be glad to be introduced to a single fact in the political history of England which confirms it. Modern States do, indeed, gather to themselves many activities that used to be religious, and they may even be said to be replacing the Church as the almoner and minister to social distresses and inequalities. But an Establishment is in itself far too dependent on the graces and favors of the State to be a sincere critic of it, still less a faithful censor.

If that can be said of a powerful and, in some respects, typically national body like the English Establishment, what kind of a career is open to the Welsh communion, which cannot pretend, in Mr. Lloyd George's phrase, to be "the outward and visible expression of the inward and spiritual attitude of the people?" If the Welsh Church lacks this character, no endowment of zeal, or sincerity, or scholarship, can convert it into a truly "established" Church. Mr. Lloyd George's very interesting analysis of the religious history of Wales showed that she never followed the rather crooked currents of English secular and ecclesiastical polity, that she remained Catholic when it suited Henry VIII. that England should become Protestant, that she had no lot in the early Puritan movement, that her really characteristic and fervent religious life was developed in her at a time when the genius of Anglicanism took an entirely different turn. Mr. Lyttelton spoke as if a great wrong were done to the Welsh dioceses by dissociating them from Canterbury. But a greater wrong is done to Wales by forcing an Anglicised Church upon her. And the greatest wrong of all is to suggest that religion is something abstract and in the air, a thing to be imposed on man instead of flowing from his common life and thought, and rooting itself in the most intimate feelings and instinctive associations of mankind.

### A London Diary.

THERE is no shadow of truth in the revived stories of an early retirement of the Prime Minister.

A POWERFUL Committee of the Cabinet, of which Lord Haldane, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and

Mr. Pease are members, with assistance from outside, is considering the great question of National Education.

THE second attempt at a "snap" division has failed, probably because this time the trick was a little too crudely performed. The Unionist members who emerged by arrangement from divers holes and corners in the Palace of Westminster numbered 220, only seven less than on the occasion of the previous "snap." Two hours later thirty-six of them had left the House, their pious wrath at the Welsh Bill cooled, if not assuaged.

ONE saw in this manœuvre the hand of the ex-Chief Whip of the Opposition, who has never forgotten nor forgiven the shock of that stirring and memorable night in 1905 when, as Junior Treasury Whip, he had to take to himself part of the blame for Mr. Balfour's unexpected defeat. That was a rather more serious affair than any mishap that present Ministers have had to face. Not only did the division come at the close of a full night's debate, but it followed within a day or two of a meeting of the Tory Party, at which Mr. Balfour had threatened to go out unless assured of a more constant support. Perhaps the new Tory Whip, with no such bitter memories to avenge or erase, will now let bygones be bygones. In any case, the Ministerialists can take no risks. It was noted last Tuesday that though set afoot by Lord Balcarras, the snap plot had been taken up and was being engineered with tremendous energy by Mr. Bridgeman.

DOES Mr. Balfour, one wonders, enter into the spirit of those freakish and rather light-headed antics? Apparently he does. Indeed, all the Tory Front Bench men seem to be in the confidence of the plotters, and very amusing it is to see how the various great personages comport themselves while the conspiracy is maturing—Mr. Balfour, gay and schoolboyish, bubbling over with mischievous glee; Mr. Long, deepening in color and in anxiety as he sleeps on, or pretends to sleep on; Mr. Austen Chamberlain, a picture of racked and despairing anguish; Mr. Lyttelton, a figure on wires, whispering mysteriously to everybody—he might just as well shout "Hush!" at the top of his voice—and Mr. Bonar Law going pale and pink by turns as his bustling lieutenants keep him informed of the ups and downs of this supreme testing-phase in his wonderful generalship.

LORD BALCARRES will be missed by his party in the House of Commons. To be a chief whip in Opposition is never an easy job, and his path was not made smoother by his party being continually at sixes and sevens. He did all he could to make his new leader more palatable to the rank and file. Though more enlightened and cultivated than the average Tory—he inherited and maintained a love of art—I always thought him lacking in charm of personality. Physically, he seemed to regard the House of Commons *de haut en bas*. His shoulders, arrested in a shrug, and his handsome features, fixed in an expression of impatient disdain, gave him an air of superciliousness which, though probably unintentional,

made Liberal members regard him with anything but the eye of love. If Mr. Pike Pease succeeds him, it will be to inaugurate a milder and more tactful reign, and not, I should say, a less efficient one.

Mr. Hogg of Londonderry is a most imposing figure. Standing six feet six, with a calm and rather pensive expression and great dignity of bearing, he walked up the House in a perfect tumult of cheering. Unlike anyone else I have yet seen, he read the oath out loud amidst a sudden deep silence, and after inscribing his name on the roll, gave a low, courteous bow to the Speaker amidst another roar of cheers. The occasion was a great one in itself, but by chance a figure was found to add to its natural impressiveness.

MILITANCY becomes every day more ridiculous. Various members, including Ministers, have been receiving by post envelopes filled with a very fine pungent pepper. When they tear open the envelope—on which, by the way, they have had to pay twopence, it being unstamped—an evil-smelling powder flies up into their faces or goes over their clothes. One member I heard of received this form of communication from the suffragettes while he was engaged in writing an article in favor of the suffrage. It is inconceivable that any sane woman can believe the cause is assisted by tricks learnt from fourth-form schoolboys.

No one who knows the Reform Club will be specially surprised at Mr. Lloyd George's and Mr. Churchill's resignation and its cause. The Reform is one of the last haunts of the black-baller. The habit has persisted for years; Mr. Chamberlain's brother Richard was an almost historic victim; and it became an epidemic during the early stages of the war between Liberalism and Unionism. Black-balling is almost the only way of self-assertion left to the superannuated, and it clings naturally to so seasoned an institution as the Reform. The usual way of eradicating the complaint, when it has become inveterate, is to transfer election from the club to the committee, and probably this drastic device may finally be applied to the beautiful retreat of age in Pall Mall.

The late Lord Ilkerton had a much more definite career in the House of Commons than in the Lords, where his personality was hardly noted. In the Commons he was not only a very keen Liberal, in close touch with the machine, but his great medical skill and the kindness of his disposition combined to fit him for the part of family physician to the House, and attendant on sick or infirm members. He looked the doctor to the life; his face, with its friendly eyes, shining through gold spectacles, had the comforting expression that patients love. As a politician, with all his ardor he was a little of a disappointed man. His first period of office pleased and interested him, but it was not renewed, for younger men were arising in Israel. He was a very typical Gladstonian, with some social and scientific interests arising from his medical experience, which were a prophecy of the newer Liberalism.

THE few witnesses of the *coup d'état* at the Porte speak with astonishment of the coolness with which it was executed. There was no great crowd, nothing, indeed, to attract the eye, beyond the usual group of loiterers. Everything was transacted in the Grand Vizier's room and the corridors leading to it. Apparently the intervention of the guard was averted by Enver Bey's coolness. He stepped up to the officer in charge, who had become a little uneasy, with the remark that what was happening in no way concerned him. And the simple-minded Turk took the assurance for granted.

RESIDENTS in Constantinople speak with much enthusiasm of an act of devotion of which the Presbyterian Minister was the hero. This was the rescue of as many Turkish soldiers as could be saved from the horrors of disease at San Stefano. The Minister had heard that men were dying in the streets. He hurried to the town, and refusing to take the word of the officials, tracked the sufferers to a single room of very moderate dimensions, in which he found 250 mortals, mostly prostrate with cholera (or more probably a form of dysentery, induced by starvation). The living lay upon the bare floor, mixed with the dead, without mattresses or covering, and in a state of filth and neglect unspeakable. The Minister, stepping over the dead to succor the living, did what he could to solace their misery, and hurried back to the capital, returning with two motor cars, laden with food and medical stores. He and a staff of the Red Crescent Society finally, with much labor, organized the relief of these hapless and cruelly neglected folk.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### AN ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

THE fancy has sometimes struck us that an archaeologist grubbing about in the sands of Egyptian deserts may one day find a human document. We condole with him in advance upon his disappointment. He was looking for something quite different—a washing-bill of the later Ptolemies, perhaps a palimpsest, beneath which his acids would discover a fragment of Aristotle or (irreverent thought) a lost satyr-play by Æschylus. The thing which he has found does not readily class itself. It is in execrable Greek. A disgusted glance through its yellow pages reveals it Christian and almost modern. It reeks in the dry air, of superstition, and mocks the sunlight with its vapors and hobgoblins. It is neither Egyptian nor Hellenic; but as the archaeologist reads on, he perceives that he has lit upon a volume of confessions penned when more saints lurked in the Theban desert than there were sinners in Alexandria, when holy men cultivated solitude in crowds, and jostled each other in the search for a sacred loneliness. Here their secret sins prowled round them embodied as jackals, and the promptings of the flesh danced, an incarnate ballet, on the threshold of their caves. The unseen powers of darkness hurled themselves upon the solitaires like whirling troops of Bedouin, and the devil wrote on the sands with legible footprints the daily chronicle of his prowling. It would be the wildest and the maddest book in all the literature of enthusiasm. It would be a book remarkably like Swinburn's "Inferno." Hurled upon us in an English translation (Rider), dated by its title-page, and certified of our century by indisputable internal evidence, this book seems to come to us from we know not which of the Dark Ages. It has a madness which seems more than



personal. One conceives with difficulty the terrific creative energy which could, in the streets of Paris, under the glare of the arc-lights, build up this solid nightmare of hallucination and self-torment. For this kind of dream-architecture more than one man's brain seems necessary. The myriad saints of the Thebaid, each with his own vagary, each with his own grudge against Nature, each blaspheming with his own particular curse the genial world, the human body, and womankind—they might, among them, have built this cathedral of lunacy, this Gothic creation of madness, with its logical arches that serve only to carry the monstrous heads of gargoyles. A twelfth-century town beside the Rhine, where flagellants scourged themselves and doctors followed the black arts, while the mob massacred the Jews—it might have written such a book. The miracle is that it has all come from one teeming lonely brain, and that brain labored and strove, a contemporary among our own generation, an antagonist of men who live among us.

If Strindberg, instead of casting "The Inferno" in autobiographical form, had given it a medieval setting, altered its topography and his dates, and scattered here and there an allusion to the Hundred Years' War or the Wehmergericht, his book would have seemed to be the most penetrating and illuminating among the psychological novels of history. This accomplished cosmopolitan, who sought and believed that he had found the philosopher's stone, transmuted gold, labored under demoniac possession, struggled against the occult powers of envious rivals, and himself removed his enemies by the mere exercise of his malignant will—he seems rather to be a Faustus or a Paracelsus, than August Strindberg, the playwright and anti-feminist. To describe the book as the arresting confession of a madman laboring under the mania of persecution, is hardly to exhaust its interest. It is a terrible document of mental pathology. It reveals the self-torment of an ingenious and creative mind, which could give to the meanest suspicion engendered by tortured nerves against a kindly friend a romantic power and cosmic significance. But it is much more than this. Perhaps because the book itself breathes on every page the wildest extravagances of occultism, it suggests some trick played on a modern man by the transmigration of souls. We seem to be living with a medieval soul, which had taken to itself the brain of a nineteenth-century savant. It is terrible, pathetic, and whimsical by turns. These interminable narratives of the nights when secret enemies disturbed the rest of their victim by electric discharges directed at his heart, when a devil wrestled with him in bodily shape, can inspire only a mingled pity and terror. Now he entangles us in a perverse pursuit of coincidences and omens, now we shudder for the fate of women and children enmeshed in his nightmare, and against our will we smile awry at a Dantesque description of the Gate of Hell in a gloomy Austrian landscape, which turned out to be nothing but a pigsty. An added touch of fancy would have given the book something of the mad romance of a tale of Poe. A fresh wind of humor would have made it a burlesque worthy of Cervantes.

It is, on the whole, a lucky perversity which afflicts insane genius with the passion to leave an autobiographical record of itself. Its work comes to us in consequence with a warning taint. Strindberg's plays are pouring at last from the press in their English translation. One can no more neglect or despise these masterpieces of a tense and concentrated dramatic art, because their author was morally insane, than one can reject logarithms because Napier or Merchiston invented them in order to calculate the number of the Beast in Daniel. These marvellous records, so eloquent, yet so terse, of the misery which a perverted mind can see in the relations of men and women would have their indestructible value as technical triumphs, even if they were not also the most illuminating of self-analyses. The best work of Ibsen seems diffuse when one compares it with the concentrated tragedy of "Creditors" (Duckworth). There are only two men and a woman in the cast, and of "action" in the conventional sense there is scarcely more than the lifting of a chair. The thing affects us

like the vivisection of a human being on the stage. It is much as if a diabolic surgeon were to use his knife for display upon a human subject, as a brilliant and ruthless violinist will use his bow in the cadenza of a great concerto. The husband of a divorced woman comes unknown upon the scene seven years after the desertion. He has ruthlessly analysed away the imitative charm of the coquette who was his wife. He finds his successor demoralised and depraved in mind and body by the relationship which he has escaped. In a conversation of consummate skill, he robs her second lover of his last faith in himself and of his faltering love for her. He turns in due course to the woman, evokes her coquetry, spurns her with a brutal contempt, exposes her to her lover, and completes his revenge by leaving the wretched man in a fit of epilepsy induced by his suggestion. It is a framework of ghastly cleverness for the main Strindbergian theme, that women are only slates for men to write on, that marriage is a sort of transfusion of blood which leaves the veins of the man exhausted, and love a degrading veneration for an unworthy object. The emancipated and deserted husband explains to the still devoted lover that "that incomprehensible Sphinx-like profound something" in the wife which evades his analysis and enchains his respect is nothing but "sheer stupidity" and "the hypnotising power of skirts." Her mind is exhibited to the second husband as nothing but the echo of her former intercourse with the first—"a phonograph giving you back your own words or those of other people, and always in diluted form." The tedious arts of the coquette are first analysed by this rough misogynist, and then exhibited in a nauseating scene in which the first husband flirts with the wife who had deserted him, while the second husband watches them through the keyhole.

The reflection which such a play as this makes on the reader is curiously like the impression left by Strindberg's own confessions. Strindberg had an uncanny power of psychological analysis. He spares neither himself nor his sex. He exhibits himself to the world naked and raving, but the exhibition causes him no shame. He also dissects his foes with convincing malice. So it is in the plays. He displays the average vulgar coquette, the worst product of the older social conventions which taught her that her sex is her fortune, with an insight that is not wholly unjust in its remorseless and ungrateful brutality. But there is in him this quality of intellectual honesty, that in revealing the woman who is a coquette he is also compelled to exhibit the man who is a sensualist. The latter revelation is apparently altogether unconscious. He sees and despises the triviality and tinsel of the animal attraction in the woman; he reveals, but does not appear to despise, the brutality and vulgarity of the animal passion in the man. He regards the man as the creative mind, yet shrinks from placing on him the responsibility for what he has written on the "slate" of the woman's mind. His was a genius which worked its hardest and best under the impulse of hatred. He has the insight of malice, the vision of scorn. If he had made a wax image of his enemy, like the medieval wizards whom he aped, that he might roast it before the fire to cause his lingering death, he would have put his choicest art, his sharpest modelling, into the work of counterfeiting the features that he loathed and feared. His plays are a whole gallery of such wax images, placed in deadly hatred before the slow fire of the footlights. They do indeed caricature humanity with a ghastly success. But they damn their author for the sin of witchcraft.

#### THE DANGER OF HORRORS.

In a remarkable article, called "The Wounded," in this month's "Contemporary Review," Mr. Noel Buxton describes the under side of war—the side that nearly all who have not seen it forget as they rejoice over the news of victories, or follow strategy with blue and red flags upon a map. He describes the work in the Bulgarian hospitals, especially in the base hospital at Kirk Kilis, where he himself

assisted as a dresser. For the staff was very small—only one doctor and five dressers—and hour after hour the wounded waited in crowds till their turn for treatment came. The account is horrible enough. It tells of the hideous suppurating wounds, of men showing eleven wound marks (each of which would have to be separately cleaned, with great pain), of a man with five shrapnel bullets embedded in him, of eyes destroyed by mutilation or shell fire, of the awful effect of dum-dum or soft-nosed bullets, that leave an exit wound five inches long, of clothes that had to be torn off the wounds stiff with blood, of peasants who called on the doctor to kill them rather than amputate and leave them helpless for the farm. We will quote only one case in detail—the case of a wound from an expanding bullet that splintered a bone in the hand; the task was to cut off the loose ends of bone and clean the hole:—

"The man," says Mr. Buxton, "who fell to my lot, waited in extreme pain for fully ten minutes, with the wound open, till the doctor fetched his long forceps and gripped the end of the bone connecting with the finger. All his strength failed to cut it. The man half swooning, as the machinery of the knuckles was twisted to and fro, we gave him brandy. The tension grew intolerable as the minutes passed. At last, the instrument proving unequal to cutting through direct, the doctor was obliged to break the bone instead, finally bending it off as one breaks a stick, the flesh almost tearing as the knuckle and first finger were twisted from their alignment."

That is the sort of thing that happens hour by hour, and day by day, after every battle, as everyone knows who has been present in wars, hospitals, and ambulances. Far more hideous things happen almost continuously, especially when the base hospitals are far from the front, and the transport is slow and jolting, as the Bulgarian ox-carts were. Nor are the diseases of war at all less terrible than the wounds. Indeed, as a matter of choice, it is easier and more pleasant to operate upon the wounded and dress their worst suppurating wounds than to attend to the dysentery cases or even the enteric cases when first they reach hospital after a long and dragging journey. These things are not merely common in every war, they are invariable. No war ever occurs without them, and when, in military histories, we read that in consequence of laborious marching and counter-marching a force of so many divisions became engaged with another force of so many divisions, and so many thousand casualties were incurred on either side, this is the sort of background that in every case we should fill in for ourselves. Military historians assume the background, or they leave it out, just to avoid monotonous repetition. The poets leave it out too. Othello bids farewell to plumed troops, big wars, neighing steeds, shrill trumps, spirit-stirring drums, ear-piercing fifes, royal banners, all the quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, beside the mortal engines, whose rude throats the immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit. He makes no mention of the shrieking ambulances, the dark holes in flesh, the dripping gashes, and limbs or fragments sliced in hunks from the quivering frame—all the natural and intended results of those engines and the other paraphernalia.

Since wars are so common, one succeeding another like recurring decimals that cannot be stopped; and since these horrible scenes invariably accompany war, and are, indeed, its first object; why does Mr. Noel Buxton begin his account of the wounded with a note of apology? He says he hesitates to state truly what he saw:—

"We dislike horrors," he goes on, "and we dislike the people who have a taste for them. The ugly facts in normal life we agree not to speak of. There grows up a feeling that to tell painful truths of any kind shows bad taste. Thus reform is neglected. I have for years felt the difficulty in regard to atrocious features incidental to Turkish Government. Their recital might move the sympathetic to action; but we fear to incur the charge of bad form. The man who has seen war is in the same dilemma."

He himself supposes the distinction between horrors to tell and horrors to conceal lies in the difference between evils removable and irremovable. If war and neglect of wounds, he says, are a fixed quantity, the less said the better. "Let us leave Zola's 'La Débâcle' to the prurient and the idle." But he thinks the diminution

of pain in war has been one of the aims most unanimously pursued by modern Europe, and that the whole question of the utility of war is "on the table."

All that may be true, though the history of the last fourteen years, since the first Hague Congress, raises doubts as to the success of Europe's aims. For the years have been marked by frequent wars, persecutions, and massacres; by tales of horror hardly to be surpassed, and by the invention of terrible engines of slaughter on earth, air, and sea. But our question is: Why does Mr. Buxton start on the note of apology? He fears to be accused of "bad taste," to incur the charge of "bad form." Why is it bad taste or bad form to tell the truth about the horrible or terrible things that happen in war or elsewhere? Evidently it is so, for the present writer once described as exactly as he could the actual effects of shell-fire during an engagement, and the description appeared in his paper—not a squeamish paper, either—as a row of asterisks. Or take the evidence of Walt Whitman, writing of what he saw during the American Civil War: "The real war," he says in one of his "Specimen Days," "will never get in the books":—

"Future years will never know the seething hell and the black infernal background of countless minor scenes and interiors (not the official surface-courteousness of the Generals, not the few great battles) of the Secession War. In the mushy influences of current times, too, the fervid atmosphere and typical events of these years are in danger of being totally forgotten."

After referring to a terrible incident as an instance, he continues:—

"Such was the war. It was not a quadrille in a ball-room. Its interior history will not only never be written—its practicality, minutiae of deeds and passions, will never be even suggested."

"It will never be written," he concludes, "perhaps must not and should not be."

There again we have the note of apology, or even of refusal; and yet Walt Whitman was not the man to be alarmed at charges of bad taste and bad form. There must be deeper reasons than this. The rules that merely exclude horrors as "bad form" are laid down, we suspect, by good, easy people, who do not wish to have the comfortable routine of their digestive and other pleasures disturbed. In parting from her son, Schopenhauer's mother once wrote, "Your lamentations over the misery of mankind keep me awake, and I do so enjoy sleeping well (ich schlafe so gern gut)." That is it; no one likes to have his daily comfort haunted by shrieks of far-off misery. Our time is short, the amount of pleasure to be obtained in it is limited, and it seems a pity to lose pleasure owing to the unhappiness of people who no doubt, suffer really dreadful things, but for that very reason, are better kept out of sight and hearing.

That we take to be the origin of the "bad form" argument. It is the commonest argument, and a very natural one; but other reasons for the avoidance of horrors stand on a rather higher plane. There is the reason which Mr. Buxton himself seems to hold—that the mention of horrors should be avoided, unless the evils can be removed. Horror engenders indignation, and, certainly, there is nothing so distracting, so unendurable—nothing that so lacerates the heart as indignation which can find no vent in action. The trouble is that this argument rapidly leads, like the previous argument, to a fugitive peace, a cloistered equanimity, diligently eluding the causes of indignation, through well-reasoned despair of a remedy. "Fret not thyself because of evildoers"; "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." How reassuring and comfortable are those texts! How unruffled, and cheerful, and cheap the course of inaction which they seem to suggest!

Some, we should like to think, also avoid the contemplation of horrors through fear of the pleasure which descriptions of horror give to undeveloped or degraded minds. This is why Mr. Buxton would leave that accurate description of war in "La Débâcle" to the prurient and idle. A savage roars with laughter at the sight of torture. Crowds gather to see horses or cattle



slaughtered in the streets. Few Colonials would miss witnessing a Kaffir flogged, and the Square of the guillotine is more lucrative than the best theatre. This delight in horror—this genuine pleasure in the sight or description of torturing pain and violent death—seems partly due to a kind of inverted sympathy, chiefly to a desire for one of the few "thrills" that dull and insensate natures can feel; and perhaps that is what makes it akin to sensuality. In any case, it remains very deeply rooted in all mankind, and honor is due to the few who strive to extirpate it from themselves.

But the real danger appears to be suggested by two sentences in which Mr. Buxton speaks of the effect of the hospital work upon the dressers:—

"Fatigue and monotony," he says, "soon dispelled all sympathetic feeling in us, and I was able to work as brutally as the best.

"The air grew fouler, the heat more intolerable, the crush more annoying, the smell of gangrenous and exposed flesh more disgusting; fatigue made one even more callous."

This callousness of habit is the danger. In the last ten or twelve years we have supped full of horrors; we are "fed up" with them, as our soldiers say. Wars, concentration camps, pogroms, Russian tortures and executions, Turkish massacres, Congo atrocities, Portuguese slavery, Putumayo devilries—one true tale of horror has succeeded another until the imagination flags. It was well for Mr. Buxton when fatigue and monotony enabled him to work as brutally as the best. But it is a different thing when fatigue and monotony dispel all sympathetic feeling in a nation. That, it appears to us, is happening to England now. One cannot be sure that the appalling accounts of cruelty and pain which have lately poured in upon us prove a worse or more frequent cruelty and pain than have marked the whole history of mankind with blood and brutality from the beginning. But the accounts now given are more piquant and more widely known. Such publicity cannot be avoided, nor should we check it if we could. Let us have the whole truth of evil, even if the evil cannot be remedied. To know the worst about wars and sweating and slavery and every other abomination is at all events better than living in a fool's paradise, surrounded by discreet and soothing veils. "The truth, though it blast me!" is the petition of Teufelsdröckh and all brave minds. But yet, even to them, there comes the danger that the truth of horror may sear as well as blast, and the fatigue of monotonous indignation render feeling as callous as a dresser.

#### A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF THE MINIMUM WAGE.

On a May morning in 1795, ten Berkshire squires and seven Berkshire parsons rode into a village on the outskirts of Newbury, and took a decision that has made the name of Speenhamland an integral part of the history of England. The Pelican Inn, where they met, has disappeared, though the posting-house, where their horses rested while the fate of the poor was discussed, still survives. They had met, those magistrates, as magistrates were meeting all over the country, to consider what was to be done to alleviate the "Distresses of the Poor," distresses that were proclaimed that year by food riots in almost every county of England, from Yorkshire to Cornwall. They decided, after a debate which unfortunately has perished, that the laborers' wages should be supplemented out of the rates, according to a fixed scale, based on the price of flour. They were not the first Bench of Magistrates to adopt this principle, but the table they drew up provided a convenient standard, and it passed rapidly from one county to another, so that the system itself was always attributed to the Berkshire bench. So generally was this decision of this group of squires recognised as the symbol of a national policy, that it was often spoken of as if it were an Act of Parliament, going by the name of "the Speenhamland Act," or "the Berkshire Bread Act."

The year 1795 has become a landmark in rural history, in consequence of the general adoption of this scheme of relief. It lasted for nearly forty years, and the Poor Law Commission of 1834 which abolished it

was so full of its effects as to suppose that there was scarcely any other social problem to be investigated. It is not surprising, therefore, that it has overshadowed the very interesting contemporary and rival movement for establishing a minimum wage for agricultural laborers. Yet, as it happens, this very Berkshire meeting was convened for the purpose of fixing a minimum wage, the Grand Jury having been persuaded by Mr. Charles Dundas, a Whig member for the county, that this was the right policy, and that it was to be preferred to the alternative of driving all the laborers on to the rates. The debate, which ended in so unfortunate a decision, has not come down to us, but we know from Eden that Dundas's policy was rejected because it was feared that the agricultural laborer might regard a minimum wage as his right, and might therefore be less grateful than he should for the concession, whereas a system of grants from the rates would look more like charity. This was the spirit that inspired the policy of the magistrates at Speenhamland, and there is evidence that it was the same motive that led to the choice of relief from the rates as a more prudent method than the maintenance of a standard wage in the country at large. As one observer puts it:—

"It was apprehended by many at that time, that either the wages of labor would rise to a height from which it would be difficult to reduce them when the cause for it had ceased or that during the high prices the laborers might have had to endure privations to which it would be unsafe to expose them. . . . It was deemed wise by many persons at this time to present the Poor Laws to the lower classes as an institution for their advantage, peculiar to this country, and to encourage an opinion among them that by this means their own share in the property of the kingdom was recognised."

The agricultural laborers, not unnaturally, were free from these particular fears and afterthoughts. It seemed to them that the straightforward way of filling in the gap between their income and expenditure was to raise their wages. There was some support for their view in the traditions of their country, and, as often happens to the poor in times of revolution, in appealing for the maintenance of a standard wage they were defending a conservative practice against a new departure. The regulation of wages by law was an ancient English institution, and the laborers held that a system which had been used to prevent laborers in past emergencies from raising their wages, might be used in this emergency to secure them a livelihood.

Those who have a general knowledge of this period are apt to think of the laborers as a servile class, wanting in spirit and independence, who were satisfied to accept the position of parish pensioners which was thrust upon them by the ruling classes, and were only concerned to obtain food and shelter with the minimum of effort. This is not at all the way in which the laborers accepted their fate. Between 1795 and 1830 England was periodically in a state with which the Irish land war made us familiar a generation ago; the soldiers were constantly being moved about the country, and food riots or wages riots were a regular feature of the times. And the important fact to note about the temper of the laborers is that they were more interested in their independence than in anything else. The upper classes were particularly anxious that the poor should be relieved in a way that would not teach them to suppose that they had any rights in the State. The laborers were particularly anxious that the help which was necessary if they were to be saved from starvation should be given, not as a concession to their weakness, but as a recognition of their just claims. The idea of Wilberforce and Hannah More that they ought to be thankful to the rich for their benevolence in keeping them alive, and be very careful to admit that they had no rights at all, was as extraordinary to them as it is to us. This is clear from all the evidence of their conduct and agitation that has come down to us. The most important document is the manifesto of the day laborers of three parishes in Norfolk, who met in the Parish Church of Heacham "in order to take into consideration the best and most peaceable mode of obtaining a redress of all the severe and peculiar hardships under which they have for so many years so patiently suffered." The first



resolution adopted at this meeting put the point of view of the laborers as a body.

"1st, that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and that the mode of lessening his distresses, as hath been lately the fashion, by selling him flour under the market price, and thereby rendering him an object of a parish rate, is not only an indecent insult on his lowly and humble situation (in itself sufficiently mortifying from his degrading dependence on the caprice of his employer), but a fallacious mode of relief, and every way inadequate to a radical redress of the manifold distresses of his calamitous estate." The second resolution went on to lay down a ratio between prices and wages, which Parliament was to be asked to adopt and enforce. These laborers wished to form a general association for pushing this demand, but the repressive legislation of this and the following year made this impossible.

The demand for a minimum wage was thus based on the fundamental belief that that wage was the due of the workman, and that if he was given anything less he was being cheated of his just rights. This conviction animates the threatening letters that were sent up to the Home Office in great numbers from frightened magistrates. The Norfolk laborers evidently had someone with some schooling to help in the composition of their declaration, probably the village schoolmaster or a Nonconformist local preacher. The illiterate protests of the time breathe just the same spirit. A clergyman in Exeter sent up a paper which he found posted up on his Church door, to his great alarm, calling on the gentry if they believe that the Lord liveth to raise wages, and announcing that the laborers are going to meet to demand a wage of 1s. 6d. a day. The paper ends:—

"God Bless our Gracious King and send  
Health and Prosperity may his Days attend.  
May his Ruling Subjects Humanity then show,  
And Pay unto the Poor what they to them do owe."

The kind of exasperation that was caused in such minds by the airs and graces of an upper class which looked at the relationship in an entirely contrary spirit is well illustrated in a paper that was posted in the market place at Hitchin a few years later. The authorities were much alarmed by it. In the following version, a few stops have been put in for the sake of clearness:—

"Advise to all poor tradesmen and Laborers. With one consent lay all work aside and meet together in a boddy and see what's to be done in this case for your work, all you can do, will not support you and your family. Your vile Oppressors, see how they use ye: what yoke of bondage you are brought under. Be not afraid of horse nor staning arms, but come forth with courage and resolution. If you give way to those Villins you always be bound under their changes where in your liberty and freedom is entirely lost. Nothing is to be done without you take this step. Sum may pertend to smooth and caim you for heire's our Soupmaker may come with doctrine of fine speech as 'keeping a clean house' and 'the wife to give a smile.' Send him to where he cum from and when we want him whe will send for him. If nothing better can be done than allready is Id wish evry man to leave his famelly and let the D—m Heethen doe as they will for why should we starve in a land wheres there plenty, never the more. As a well wisher God bless the King."

This was the spirit of the men who demanded a living wage from Parliament, and were given instead doles from the rates, soup kitchens, and tracts by Hannah More. But it was not only the laborers who asked for this remedy, and another article will be needed to describe the discussions of magistrates and politicians.

#### THE MOUNTAINS VIOLATE.

THE story of invasion as it has occurred several times in our own island history has a certain hopeful uniformity. The flood of conquest flows over the plain, but the mountains remain as citadels of freedom. Perhaps the alien vogue passes, and then the traditions of the old race pour forth from their mountain archives, and that which would have been destroyed but for the peaks is re-established. Thus have the mountains of Wales and Scotland retained the Spartan core of ancient peoples, whose lowland representatives have been destroyed or assimilated several times over. That is the story when

the enemy comes in panoply of war. It may run differently when Mammon attacks in the guise of peace.

While civilisation is purely in its shop-keeping stage, the mountains and their people are safe enough. Commercialism spreads outward from each city like an ink-stain on blotting-paper. The megalomania which we all admit to be but a crude experiment in human betterment infects the contiguous fat countryside, because the cities are fat-country affairs. The mountains are left alone, partly because of their physical distance, and partly by a sort of wisdom as a recruiting ground for the martial virtues that are essential to commercial existence. It is when Mammon waxes fat that the peaks, not merely come within the sphere of the conqueror, but are even more open to attack than lowland Acadia.

It cannot be with impunity that Switzerland is annually invaded by thousands of holiday-makers carrying the tribute of millions for the purchase of pleasure, where pleasure has hitherto been unbought and unsold. The plains of Germany through which we pass in our sleeping-carriages are immune from this particular attack, while the very citadels of simplicity and reality are being sapped behind them.

We are not sure that the word is not "has been sapped." Many an Alp would bristle with hands stretched out for the unearned sovereign that would go unclaimed through many a mile of lowland Wurtemberg. We dare not doubt that the gloved hand wins the same obedience in Scotland, though in justice it has to be remembered that the steel gauntlet had first innings among her mountains. The clearing of her glens, whether by the soldiers of Sutherland or by the annual hundreds of lawful evictions of the present time, has no impartial defender. Everyone, from the recruiting sergeant upward, condemns with good reason this mischievous action of our spoil children. Collectively, we have not the energy to stop it, let alone retrieve the damage. We can only hope that the Highlander, who is made of such good stuff, will somehow find it in himself to withstand the double attack of force and guile till some miracle saves him.

Sometimes the mountain, generally a nursery of silence, gives birth to an articulate son, who not only enheartens his kindred, but opens the eyes of the world to the destruction that is being wrought. Styria has produced such a peasant-born prophet in our time. Of all his writings, which have at any rate induced Germany to buy them to the thirtieth edition, Peter Rosegger says he has written nothing that "in his inmost heart he has not experienced." Some of the most autobiographical chapters of his many books have been incorporated in an English translation called "The Forest Farm" (Fifield). The craftsmanship is so true that we fear thousands may have read them for their beauty alone. It is impossible, though, that some of the message for which Rosegger's life stands should not win through. We find a good deal more in the Alps than we go out for to see; and Rosegger has well earned the title his countrymen give him of "Styria on two legs."

Peter's father, the forest farmer, whose holding enters and partly encloses the wild wood, was, we think, a silent man, who saw how things went without talking about them. The story of his doings and sufferings without extra words is enough. After a succession of bad years, to be put perhaps entirely to the credit of the seasons, he is about to get straight with a good crop of cabbages, when a stag finds them, and comes every morning to eat a row. Twice the peasant asks his lord to shoot that stag, but is put off with silly jeers.

"Clara," he says to his wife, "I'm the sort of man that people can twist round their finger—they call me a milksop; but it may be I'm going to pick a quarrel for once. Don't you take on about it. I thought it'd never have come to this, but now I see quite plain that it must."

So the Count is told as man to man that Peter himself will shoot the stag. "You little fool," roars the Count, laughing. "Why do you put yourself to the trouble?"

Of course, Heidepeter is imprisoned for daring to touch game. A few words tell us what the horror of

caging is to a man whose presence at his forest farm everything demands at every hour of the day. When he gets home he cuts out a stag in wood, and puts it over the door, where it hangs as a house-sign for many years. The farm has long since been vacant, and of Alpl, near Krieglach, to which it belonged, Dr. Julius Petersen writes, "the forest community has now almost ceased to exist."

The peasant's freehold does not save him when the deer-stalker wants his mountains. It is perhaps worse for him in the end that he should have had a freehold. The Scottish crofter is turned out neck-and-crop in his full moral prime, his independence a little soured, but hardened in the souring. He goes forth a man to better work in a freer country. The peasant must be bought out, and before he will sell, he must be broken to it by drink or adversity, and then the dangling of gold and tales of its power in the cities whence it comes. Good or bad, the instinct to cling to one's patrimony and the heritage of one's children is so strong in these places that it cannot be got rid of without leaving a deep moral wound. Long before the point is reached of buying out the last peasant, the village has been spotted through with manners and symptoms so alien from its former simplicity that it is not necessary to ask how much good is in them in order to regret their introduction.

One of Rosegger's most powerful books, "Jacob der Letzte," tells of the single-minded attempt of a rich man to buy out the peasantry of an entire village so as to give greater peace to the deer. The gentleman establishes himself as a genial neighbor for the long campaign. He approaches each quarry in the way best suited to a timid, a proud, a suspicious, or a cunning nature. Some the pinch of adversity, adroitly managed, will drive into landlessness as by the hand of God; others may be tricked into sale through a friendly loan; the breaking of the last man, who stands in the way of the deer-forest scheme, gives the central fibre to this heartrending story.

After all, what is this silly Jacob fighting for? Who has not wondered at the childishness of an Alpine field or an Irish potato patch? It is but a pocket of good earth, scarcely more than table-size, perched among rocks or the slime of bogs. "In the early part of the year the melted snow rushes wildly down, often tearing up the earth as it goes; then comes the hot sunshine on the slopes; so that to-day there is too much moisture and to-morrow too little." The other months of the year are like the one that unlocks the glaciers, not farming, but a continual fight with the devils of the mountain. We may only lose the crop, or we may have the whole field carried away. How much safer and happier we ought to be on a nice fat little holding in the plain!

All the roughnesses, all the anxieties, all the shortcomings of the mountain life Peter Rosegger gives; all the stupidities and brutalities that the hard life breeds, and the stumblings from the moral ideal. There seems to be no room for illusion as to any essential fact. Yet the picture amounts, not merely to a plea that the peasant is a human variety that ought not to be destroyed, but to an appeal for the town serfs to make haste and become peasants.

## Short Studies.

### OLD AGE.

By ANTON TCHERKHOFF.

OUZELKOFF, an architect, and an "actual councillor," had arrived in his native town, whither he had been summoned to restore the chapel attached to the town cemetery. On descending from the train, it was with difficulty that he recognised the town where he had been born, gone to school, where he had grown to manhood, and been married. Everything had changed. For instance, eighteen years ago, when he had gone to

live in St. Petersburg, boys used to set traps for weasels on the very spot where the station now stood. At the corner of the principal street, where formerly a hideous grey fence ran, there had now been erected an imposing four-storied "Hotel Vienna." But neither the fences nor the houses had changed so much as the people.

By cross-questioning the waiter at the hotel, Ouzelkoff learnt that more than half the people he remembered had died, lost their money, or been forgotten.

"Do you remember a man called Ouzelkoff," he asked the waiter. "You know whom I mean—Ouzelkoff, the architect—the one who divorced his wife. . . . Why, he had a house in the Svirebeevskaya Street—surely you know whom I mean?"

"No, sir, I can't say I do."

"But you must remember him. His divorce created such a sensation—why, even the cabmen knew all about it! You just think for a minute. That old scoundrel Shapkin arranged the divorce—you know, the man who cheated at cards and got thrashed at the club." . . .

"Is it Ivan Nicolaevitch Shapkin you mean, sir?"

"Yes, of course, that's the man. Is he alive—or dead?"

"Yes, sir, he's alive, God bless him! He is a notary now, and has a big office. He's getting on very well—owns two big houses in the Kirpichnaya Street. His daughter was married only a little while back."

Ouzelkoff walked up and down his room for a while, and having thought the matter over, decided that to pass the time, he would look up Shapkin.

It was midday when he left his hotel and sauntered slowly up the Kirpichnaya Street. He found Shapkin in his office, and recognised him with difficulty. From the slight, alert lawyer he had once been, with a mobile, impudent, and drunken face, Shapkin had become a modest, grey-haired, feeble old man.

"You don't remember me—you have forgotten . . ." began Ouzelkoff. "I am a former client of yours—Ouzelkoff."

"Ouzelkoff?—what Ouzelkoff?—oh!" Shapkin seemed suddenly to recollect, and having recognised him, he grew confused.

Then followed exclamations, questions, and recollections.

"Well, I never thought of seeing you—indeed I didn't," spluttered Shapkin. "What can I offer you? Will you have some champagne—would you like a few oysters? Ah, old fellow, with all the money I got out of you in my time—it's hard to know what to stand you!"

"Please don't trouble," said Ouzelkoff. "I haven't time. I have to go to the cemetery directly to look over the chapel—I've taken on the job of restoring it."

"That's quite all right—we will have a snack of something and a drink and we'll go down there together. I've got some splendid horses. I'll drive you there, and introduce you to the churchwarden. I'll arrange everything for you. Why, what's the matter, my boy—anybody would think you were trying to get away from me, or that you were afraid. Come along and talk! There's nothing to be afraid of now. Ha! Ha! In the old days, I will say that for myself, I was a slippery chap. I wanted catching, I can tell you—but now I'm as quiet as they make 'em. I'm growing old—I'm a family man with children. It's about time I was pegging out!"

The two friends lunched, drank each other's health, and drove to the cemetery which lay outside the town.

"Yes; those were good old times," said Shapkin, as they sat in the sleigh. "When one thinks of them, they hardly seem real. Do you remember how you divorced your wife? Why, it's nearly twenty-five years ago, and I bet you've forgotten the whole business; but I can remember it all as if it were only yesterday that I was getting you your divorce. Good Lord, what a lot of people used to lose their tempers through me in those days! I was a smart young fellow, and there weren't many whose words I couldn't twist inside out, or whom I was afraid to tackle. Why, I used to be all on the jump to get hold of some complicated case—specially if



the fees were likely to be fat, like in your case! What was it you paid me? Five—six thousand? Of course, I spared myself no pains—it was worth taking some trouble over! You went off to St. Petersburg and told me to settle the whole thing as best I could. And your wife, Sophia Michailovna, even though she was only the daughter of a merchant, she was so proud and knew how to make people keep their distance. It wasn't an easy job—no, that it wasn't—to bribe her to take all the blame. I used to go round to her to talk matters over, and if she so much as saw me coming, she'd call out to her maid: 'Masha, haven't I told you not to let scoundrels into the house!' So I tried this way and that—writing letters, meeting her by accident, and none of it did a bit of good. I had to get at her through a third person finally. Oh, I spent a rare lot of time with her, and only after you agreed to give her ten thousand roubles did she give in! She couldn't stand out against ten thousand! She just broke down, spat in my face, but agreed to take the blame on herself."

"I thought it was fifteen thousand, not ten, that she took," said Ouzelkoff.

"Yes, yes, of course, fifteen, my mistake," said Shapkin, hurriedly. "It's so long ago now—it doesn't matter anyway—it was ten that I gave her, and the extra five that I bargained for went into my own pocket—I got the best of both of you. It's all over and forgotten now, and I've nothing to be ashamed of. And you just tell me this, Boris Petrovitch: whom was I to get money from, if it wasn't from you? You were rich, you'd got more than enough. You only married—the same as you got divorced—because you had nothing better to do. You were earning any amount; why, I can remember you sneaking twenty thousand roubles on one commission. Weren't you the very person to fleece? And, if the truth be told, you made me green with envy; when you grabbed, everyone kow-towed to you, and when I took an extra rouble, I got kicked and thrashed at the club. Well, it's no use raking up the past. It's high time it was all forgotten."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me what kind of a life Sophia Michailovna had afterwards?"

"With her ten thousand you mean? Extra specially bad. God knows what made her do it—whether it was just cussedness, or whether her conscience and pride gave her no peace after she'd sold herself for money, so to say, or whether she loved you—only she took to drink. When she got her money, she started galloping about in troikas with a lot of officers—drink, larks, and worse. She used to go into some low public-house with her officers and order—not port wine or any decent drink—but just brandy, the kind that burns your inside and throws you into a perspiration."

"Yes, she was always queer. I stood enough from her, I assure you. She'd get offended at nothing at all, and start hysterics and rows. What happened afterwards?"

"Well, first a week went by, then another. I was sitting at home writing. Suddenly the door opened and in she walked—drunk. 'Here,' she says, 'take your damned money back!' and flung a roll of notes in my face! She hadn't been able to stand it, after all. Well, I picked up the roll, counted the notes. Five hundred were missing, she'd only had time to spend five hundred."

"And what did you do with the money?"

"Ah, well, it's all over and done with, and I may as well own up; I kept it myself, of course. Why do you look at me like that? You wait and hear what's coming. Like a novel, I can tell you! About two months later I came home one night, drunk, and in a filthy temper. I turned on the light, and there was Sophia Michailovna, sitting on my sofa, drunk too, excited, dishevelled, with wild eyes, looking as if she'd escaped from a lunatic asylum. 'Give me back my money,' she said. 'I've thought better of it. If I'm going down, I might as well go to the bottom. Hurry up, give me my money.' A disgusting scene."

"Well, did you give her the money?"

"As far as I can remember I gave her—ten roubles."

"Good heavens, how could you?" exclaimed

Ouzelkoff, frowning. "If you couldn't give her back the money, or wouldn't, why didn't you write to me? And I never knew! What? And I never even knew!"

"My dear fellow, what was the use of my writing to you when she wrote to you herself later on from the hospital she was in?"

"Yes, but I was so busy then getting married again, there was so much to do, I hadn't time to bother about letters. But you—you were an outsider, you didn't feel any loathing for Sophia as I did, why didn't you help her?"

"We look at it all quite differently now, Boris Petrovitch. We think that way now, but then it was all different. Perhaps if it happened now I would even give her a thousand roubles; but then—even those ten—she didn't get them for nothing; oh, it's a beastly story; it's time it were forgotten. Well, here we are at last."

The sleigh stopped at the entrance of the cemetery. Ouzelkoff and Shapkin got out, passed through the gates, and began to walk down a long, broad drive. The bare trees, cherry and acacia, and the grey crosses and monuments were silvered with hoar-frost. The bright, sunny day seemed reflected in every snow-flake. The graveyard smelt, as all graveyards always smell, of incense and freshly turned soil.

"You have a nice little cemetery," said Ouzelkoff, "it's quite like a garden."

"Yes; but it's a great pity that the tombstones are always getting taken away by thieves. Over there by that iron monument to the right is Sophia Michailovna's grave. Would you like to have a look at it?"

The two friends turned off to the right and, plunging into the deep snow, walked towards the iron monument.

"Just here," said Shapkin, pointing to a small white marble tombstone. "Some young officer had this put up to her memory."

Ouzelkoff took off his fur cap slowly, and bared his bald head to the sun.

Shapkin glanced at him, also took off his cap, and exhibited another bald head to the sun. The silence around was sepulchral—even the air seemed lifeless. The two friends stood looking at the tombstone, silently and thoughtfully.

"She sleeps," said Shapkin, breaking the silence, "and what does it matter to her that she took all the blame on herself and drank afterwards? Confess, Boris Petrovitch."

"Confess what?" asked Ouzelkoff, gloomily.

"Confess that however abominable the past may have been, still it is better than this!" and Shapkin pointed to his grey hair. "Why, one never even gave death a thought in those days. One used to think that if one met death one could give him points; and now—well, it's no good talking about it!"

Ouzelkoff suddenly felt sad. He felt a passionate desire for tears, as once he had passionately desired love. And he felt that it would relieve and refresh him if he could give way to his sorrow. His eyes grew moist, and he felt a lump in his throat; but Shapkin was standing by his side, and Ouzelkoff was ashamed to succumb to his feelings before another. He turned on his heel, and walked towards the church.

A couple of hours later, when he had talked everything over with the churchwarden, and had examined the chapel, he seized an opportune moment while Shapkin was still talking to the priest, and ran off to cry. He crept up to the tombstone quietly like a thief, looking back at every step. The little white tombstone looked up at him thoughtfully, sadly, and innocently, as if there lay beneath it some young girl and not a depraved, divorced wife.

"If only I could cry!" thought Ouzelkoff.

But the moment for tears had already gone by. And, try as he would, blinking his eyes, tuning his thoughts, the old man could not force the tears to flow, nor the lump to rise in his throat. After standing by the grave for about ten minutes, Ouzelkoff gave it up, and went off to look for Shapkin.

Translated by SASHA KROPOTKIN.



## Music.

### SCRIABINE'S "PROMETHEUS."

WITH the curious ignorance of everything that goes on outside London that is so characteristic of the Londoner, the device of giving Scriabine's "Prometheus" twice at the same concert last Saturday was announced as an innovation so far as England is concerned. It is not unknown to Manchester, however, and I remember that on the occasion of the first performance of Debussy's "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" in Liverpool some years ago, the work was repeated in the second half of the concert. It is a pity, indeed, that the practice of playing big new works twice at the same concert is not more prevalent. Last week at Queen's Hall we had an interesting sidelight on the relations between the critics and the public. Concert-givers and theatrical managers pretend that the disparaging articles of the critics upon new works do more than anything to kill their chances. The critic knows that his words influence the public very slightly, if at all; if the man in the street has so much faith in the critic's judgment, he ought obviously not only to stay away from things of which the critic disapproves, but fly post haste to the things the critic admires. No amount of ridicule of musical comedy for its brainlessness and unoriginality manages to keep the public away from it; and no amount of enthusiasm over a great work of a new type suffices to inspire the public with any faith in it. On Saturday the public gave itself away; probably not more than half of the people who heard the first performance of "Prometheus" remained for the second. They went out with their noses in the air and a look of outraged virtue,—and this before a single critic had delivered himself of a judgment on the work!

One could foresee that "Prometheus" would be a poser to the plain music lover, whose education has stopped short at Wagner and Strauss. But in truth it is often a difficult problem even for those of us who believe that music can no more cease its evolution with Wagner and Strauss than with Bach and Beethoven, and who keep our ears always astrain for any authentic new note that may be borne to us on the wind. It is absurd for any of us to dogmatise about a work that aims at carrying the idiom and the vision of music to a point as far beyond Strauss as Strauss is beyond Tchaikovski; the more confidently any critic tries to sweep it off the board as the mere effusion of a musical lunatic, the more certainly he writes himself down as a superficial duffer, intrepidly denying the existence of things simply because he cannot see them. I do not contend that everything in "Prometheus" is clear even at a second hearing, or that there may not be a good deal in it to which no number of hearings would reconcile us. But I do urge that to a listener with an imagination it mostly talks in a perfectly lucid language of things that have never been expressed in music before.

The linking of Scriabine's name with that of Schoenberg is a gratuitous error. Schoenberg is really a better composer than his music would sometimes lead us to imagine; but his style is to some extent obviously a calculated one. It is the idiom of a man who was consciously determined from the first that however he might write, he would not write like other composers. Scriabine has developed as naturally as Beethoven or Wagner or Strauss, beginning, as they did, with his roots in the past, and gradually evolving a highly individual style of his own as his whole personality developed. Whatever may be thought of his later style, there is no affectation in it on the musical side, and there is no fumbling. What struck some of us in the "Prometheus" was the almost infallible certainty of the adaptation of the means to the end throughout; only a composer who is at once master of his ideas and of his technique can work so surely as this. Whether, however, the brain as a whole is evolving harmoniously, whether it may not be developing a strain of excessive idealism, losing itself somewhat in the void of the thought that lies in the far

beyond of the other side of music, and failing to see its vision not merely with theosophical but with musical clearness, failing to find the firm enclosing line that alone can make the vision as real to us as it is to him,—on these points one cannot be wholly sure.

The truth probably is that certain parts of "Prometheus,"—as of still later works of Scriabine such as the recently published pianoforte sonata—will never be quite clear to us because they were never quite clear to the composer, either because he has not thought his way exactly enough through the subtleties he is envisaging, or because music's means of expression are not yet equal to the task he imposes on them. I cheerfully present these parts of "Prometheus" to the ordinary objector to the work, for him to make what capital he likes out of them. But to the rest—and that much the greater part—I firmly pin my faith. "Prometheus" is the one work I have ever heard that seems to me to approach the new territory that music will some day make its own. It is in essence the most immaterial of the arts; but circumstances have forced it to develop so far upon more or less material lines. It first of all had to win for itself, by means of rather rigid rhythms and formal designs, the faculty of coherent thinking upon a large scale. Then the purely human impulse surged up within it, and—mainly under Wagner—substituted for the set design the modelling of the tissue of music upon the forms and vicissitudes of the emotions themselves. But music of this kind needed an obvious and detailed "poetic purpose,"—the plot of the opera or the story of the symphonic poem—just as much as the older music needed the material scaffolding of sonata or fugue. Clearly music will be able to dispense with even this "poetic" support in the future, and yet speak to us quite plainly of mysteries as far surpassing the operatic or symphonic-poem subject in subtlety and remoteness as music in general surpasses words in general; it is all a matter of how lucidly and logically a composer can think in this tenuous atmosphere, what body he can give to his visions, and how far we can think and see along with him. A rough analogy to this progress of music to immaterialities ever more and more refined may be had in the theories men have held upon matter. To the first philosophers, matter was solid substance; to the later ones, a bundle of atoms; to those still later, a play of electrons. Always the immaterial mystery encroaches upon the material fact, or upon the mystery a shade more material.

It is surely evident that the true home of music is among these ultimate immaterialities of thought, because it is the only one of the arts that can ever hope to express them. That home it will one day win. To my mind we have nowhere come so near to it as in the best of this music of Scriabine's. I care nothing for the theosophy that is tacked on to it by the composer and the annotators, and think that this is as likely as not to confuse or prejudice the hearer. But listening to it solely as music, only a congenitally unimaginative dullard, I fancy, or a musician soddened with the futile teaching of the text-books and the Conservatoires, could help feeling that here is music that comes as near as is at present possible to being the pure voice of Nature and the soul themselves. One needs no programme note to have the picture flashed upon one's brain of the soul of man slowly yearning into conscious being out of a primal undifferentiated world, torn by the conflict of emotions, violently purging itself of its grossnesses, and ultimately winning its way to the light.

And all this is done, not on the familiar "poetic" lines of the symphonic poem, but a stage further behind the veil, as it were; the wind that blows through the music is not the current stage and concert room formula, but the veritable wind of the cosmos itself; the cries of desire and passion and ecstasy are a sort of quintessential sublimation of all the yearning, not merely of humanity, but of all nature, animate and inanimate. No amount of criticism of the work in details can diminish the wonder of such an achievement as this. Its thematic texture may not always be distinguished, and the piano part may, as I believe, be mostly an error; but the fact remains that here is an imagination of extra-

ordinary subtlety and scope, and a most remarkable faculty of musical expression. The only fear is lest the theosophist in Scriabine should overpower the artist in him.

ERNEST NEWMAN.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE COMING EDUCATION BILL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I reason humbly with professed Liberals who are exclaiming against the new education policy of the Government? The Government have long been pledged to introduce a Bill this year; and is it not well that an Education Bill should contain an educational ingredient? Some of your correspondents remind me of the London Progressive leader who told me ten years ago that his "education" policy was to make a bargain with the Bishops, play the confidence trick on the Nonconformists, and save twopence on the rates; is not education a little nobler than that? And yet I have looked in vain for something in *THE NATION* better than the sneer which greeted Lord Haldane's declaration that "Education to be interesting must be an affair of the spirit: an endeavor to raise the intellectual, moral, and spiritual faculties of the people; of those children, for whom we are deeply responsible, who will constitute the future generation, and on whose superiority to the generation of to-day depends the superiority of our country over its growing competitors in the days that are to come." What perverse ingenuity can invent a rivalry between the education policy of next session and the land policy of the next election? A little Bill dealing with education is long overdue. If the spirit is there, not much legislation is needed to give effect to Lord Haldane's appeal to us to copy Scotland, and "break down the educational barriers which separate class from class"; give every child the opportunity to get as much as they can out of the school *beyond which they cannot go*; and enable those who can go to other institutions to become "the highly educated servant, who is of far more value than the semi-educated," and can rise higher.

These are the most democratic pronouncements we have had from a Cabinet Minister since Cockerton killed the Higher Grade Schools, and Balfour killed the School Boards. And when we set out to break down the great living barriers of social prejudice, class-interest, mean finance, and collegiate arrogance, which bar the onward march of a nation's intellect from the civic school to the civic university, is it any disrespect to the conscience of the passive resister to say that we will take the effete barrier of medieval ecclesiasticism "in our stride"?

Many are the Liberals who, giving their first thoughts to the infant nation of the future gathered in our schools to-day, have felt the ties of party loyalty weakening. I am one. But it was with the fierce joy that relieves an overstrained despair that I read the pledge: "*National Education goes to the root of the future; we feel on ourselves as a Government a sense of deep obligation to grapple with it.*" That is the word of promise to hundreds of thousands of infant citizens driven into the gutters to avoid the cost of teaching them; to hundreds of thousands of bright and eager youths beaten back from the fountain of knowledge by class-prejudice embodied in Morantian Codes; to the russet-coated captains of industry displaced as foremen and managers by better-educated "bosses" of another social class, whose lack of sympathy and ruthless "speeding-up" has done so much to create the "labor unrest."

Is not money well spent in equipping the nation for its work and life? When all expenditure is rising and the Exchequer overflowing, why is that on the schools alone expenditure is curtailed? Cannot some of our hand-to-mouth democrats realise that the progress of democracy demands an educated democracy? And that mere "coals-and-blanket" doles of free meals, free doctoring, free maintenance, &c., are the old-established Tory method of stifling democracy? I am not one to stay the hand that succors the poor, the distressed, and the failures, and uses public money freely to palliate the evils of our present social system; but

Liberal statesmanship and Liberal ideals hope to replace enslavement by freedom and pauperism by independence, and hold that the first democratic claim on the public purse is for a full national equipment of public schools, in which free teachers may train for us a nobler race.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. MUNDELLA.

National Education Association,  
Caxton House, Westminster.

February 5th, 1913.

[We are in strong agreement with our correspondent, and we deal with the whole subject elsewhere.—ED., NATION.]

### MR. ROGER FRY'S CRITICISM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—That Mr. Roger Fry should publicly express some regret for having written that egregious article on Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema would in no way "oblige" me.

It would be a sign of grace on his own part, and might do something towards re-establishing his reputation for fair dealing in the eyes of those who read what he writes—nothing more.

In writing as he did, he dishonored himself far more than him he meant to dishonor. And there the matter may rest.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP BURNE-JONES.

41, Egerton Terrace, S.W.  
February 2nd, 1913.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—No one expects Mr. Roger Fry to admire the fine art of Tadema; he is committed to advertising incompetent experimenters.

But Mr. Fry may be rightly expected to apologise for his vulgar remarks and insolent sneers anent a great painter recently dead. Mr. Fry declines contrition. He must not, then, be surprised if he is boycotted by decent society. Because he chooses to prefer brutal art, there is no reason why he should adopt brutal measures.

Mr. Fry's second letter is even more insolent in tone than his first.—Yours, &c.,

W. B. RICHMOND.

Beavor Lodge, Hammersmith.  
February 2nd, 1913.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—As you have printed several letters protesting against Mr. Fry's article, perhaps you will allow me to thank you for publishing it. Independent criticism is rare; and the letters in your last issue from Sir Philip Burne-Jones and Sir W. B. Richmond show clearly enough the difficulties with which it has to contend. It is surely a little curious to find these gentlemen, who have not scrupled to attack in unmeasured language the works of the Post-Impressionist artists, accusing them of "sordid ugliness and technical incompetence," and advocating their extermination by "grape-shot," now, when Mr. Fry expresses an opinion on an artistic matter, anathematising him as wrong-headed, malignant, and envious, and declaring his article to be "little short of a public outrage."

Apparently, Sir Philip Burne-Jones and Sir W. B. Richmond lay claim to a monopoly of censure. Fundamentally, no doubt, as Mr. Fry says, the difference between him and his opponents is a difference of taste; but it is important that the public should be aware that such a difference of taste exists. If it is the case that a number of artists and critics consider the work of the late Sir L. Alma-Tadema worthless, his reputation devoid of foundation, and his honors undeserved, let us, by all means, know that such opinions are held, and discuss them with open minds and good temper. It is true that Sir L. Alma-Tadema is dead; but that fact does not in itself seem a sufficient reason for abstaining from a condemnation of his artistic achievements. As Voltaire observes, in a sentence which Sir Philip Burne-Jones and Sir W. B. Richmond might have done well to remember: "On doit des égards aux vivants; on ne doit aux morts que la vérité."—Yours, &c.,

LYTTON STRACHEY.

February 2nd, 1913.



## WOMEN AND LIBERALISM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Some of the notes in your "London Diary" confirm what many women are bitterly feeling, among them very many who have all their lives cherished faith and hope in Liberalism. "The average Liberal," says your correspondent, "feels no moral indignation at the prospects of delay" in meeting the long-overdue debt of honor to the women. That seems to be quite true, and what a shattering of all hope in the right conduct of the "average Liberal"! The paragraph proceeds to credit this portentous personage with "an attitude of devotion" to Mr. Asquith. In this week of all weeks! It is of no consequence to him that his "great leader" has made the "Mother of Parliaments" a laughing-stock, and shown the utter degradation caused by the party system. He clings all the tighter to the prop, without which, never having learned to stand erect, he would fall prostrate. One cannot help smiling to read that this precious politician's interest in woman suffrage is "purely intellectual." If really his intellect has any play in the matter, and if this colossal muddle is the result, one can only say, "thy wits the heavens restore!"

In your leader on "A Guaranteed Bill" one is glad to see "futile criminalities" swept aside as worse than useless. But it would be a great mistake to assume that the just resentment of women will show itself only in monkey-like mischief. It is a serious matter for Liberals that they have transferred the belief and the devotion that were theirs to Labor, which alone of all the parties seems to see clear and walk steadfastly to the right goal. The unswerving honesty and candor of these men have saved many a woman from angry despair of politicians. For it is not impatience at slowness that causes this righteous anger in women; we are content to go slowly. It is not intolerance even of reasoned opposition; reason can be met with reason. We are filled with contempt at the vacillation, the trickery, the ignorance, the evasions and self-contradictions, and the pitiful coxcombry of so many of "our masters."

Our objections to what you call "an honorable and full exchange for what the women, through no fault of their own, have lost" are that the exchange is neither honorable nor full. What have we, "through no fault of our own," lost? (1) First of all, five years and four Bills; Mr. Asquith's pledge was made in 1908, and has ever since been made an excuse for doing nothing. (2) Then, the "free vote," altogether ruined by the "peculiar talents of the Colonial Secretary," and other Ministerialists. (3) Then the protection of the Government and the Parliament Act, should our amendments have passed in Committee. How can you, sir, defend the statement that it is an honorable and full exchange for these, to give us in 1913 what we asked in 1908—facilities for a Private Bill; to intervene to prescribe what the terms of the Bill shall be; to flourish the "free vote" which the Government itself has destroyed; to withdraw Government protection and—most derisory of all—to suggest to Conservative suffragists that they may administer the abhorred Parliament Act, and that, should the Government not remain in power long enough to fulfil this complete set of new pledges, the Conservatives may fulfil them?

We will be mocked no more. Not for the first time have women proved the touchstone by which good men and true are known. With nothing to gain, years ago, Labor stood by us. Now we mean to stand by Labor. I pray we may have long memories.—Yours, &c.,

H. M. SWANWICK.

Kew, February 1st, 1913.

## "A GUARANTEED BILL."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your interesting analysis last week of the position and prospects of a Guaranteed Bill for woman suffrage impels me to express my grave concern at the rumors in the air of a possible concentration on a Conciliation Bill, not only on the part of the Tories, who are its natural supporters, but on the part of some genuine Progressives, who are beguiled by the phrase "establish the principle." It sounds well, no doubt, but what "principle" would it establish? Certainly not the freedom of women, for it would fasten the principles of Toryism for generations on scores of constituencies. Everyone who has been through the

drudgery of Municipal Elections knows that the women-voters are the despair of Liberal candidates and agents. The oft-repeated statement that 80 per cent. of these are "workers" is entirely illusory and misleading. It is really a gross libel on well-to-do and poor women alike to say that these Municipal voters are fairly representative of either class. An excellent opportunity of testing the matter presents itself at this moment in the L.C.C. Elections. I challenge intelligent suffragists to begin next Monday, and work eight hours a day until polling day in canvassing women voters, and I know well that they will be unable to escape the conclusion that the limitation of Parliamentary votes for women to these voters would be the death-blow to all our hopes of reform. At any rate, those who are leaning to a Conciliation Bill should understand that it will be contested with the utmost tenacity by all Progressives who realise how its methods would operate.

In the last sentence of your leader there seems to me an implication that is less than just to the Prime Minister. You say, referring to "the cause of the emancipation of women," "that he is under a special and personal obligation to make straight its way to victory." He never promised that. In the nature of things he could not promise it. All he can do is to "make straight its way to victory"—or defeat. This he will do. "He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not, he shall not be moved"—that's the kind of man the Prime Minister is. But it is well to face the fact that the result will be profoundly affected by two things—by the personal devotion of the Liberal Members to Mr. Asquith; and still more, by the attitude of the country, of which they are well aware.

The supporters of our cause are more ardent and determined than ever, but they are deeply divided on methods of enfranchisement. We are not within eight of unity yet. The hostile and the lukewarm, both among men and women, are in a large majority, and Members, whether they like it or not, are bound to recognise that, or what becomes of representative government?

You say, justly, that "the strength of the movement . . . lies in its moral force"; but "the weakness in the constituencies," which you also see clearly, has been induced by the immoral force of militancy, which you think was "once useful." How can it ever have been useful when it has paralysed our cause in the mainspring—the electorate?

But there has been confused leadership as well as immoral leadership, and tactics have been open to criticism. It is unwise to bore people, whether in the press or in the lobbies of the House. "Think of the importunate widow!" they cry. I do think, and I remember that it was "an unjust judge" who yielded to her.

George Meredith was a counsellor above suspicion, and our cause will surely win when women unite to work in the spirit indicated in a letter written by him on April 13th, 1907 (Vol. II. of his "Letters," p. 596).

"Women who form Associations to discuss political matters, whether for one party or the other, are taking the right road to the polling booth. Let them never abandon good manners, not even in the heat of dissension, or they will lose their best weapon. The vote for those among them who may wish to exercise it is coming; but it can be retarded, and any show of intemperateness will persuade men that there is danger in granting it."—Yours, &c.,

S. A. B.

February 3rd, 1913.

## MEN AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am glad that someone has at last sounded the note which is sub-audible in Mrs. Osler's letter; for, to students of society, nothing is of more evil omen than the tone taken by many men in their recent utterances on woman suffrage. The letter of Mr. H. B. Samuels in the "Standard," to which Mrs. Osler takes just exception, was but one of many, and many anti-suffragists resent the tone of Mr. Harold Owen's "Woman Adrift," and of Mr. Lewis Harcourt's recent speech in the House of Commons. Nor are they reassured when Mr. F. E. Smith, and many men who follow his lead, publicly defend bad faith to women, and urge that pledges to them need not be kept. Sir Almoth Wright has called attention to the risks involved in the



pathological handicap of some women. But are the pathological infirmities to which males are liable less serious? Are they not, indeed, greater, inasmuch as the defence of the country is wholly in the hands of men? Can it be expected that men who pour out torrents of invective and abject fear when women alarm them by asking for political equality, would be likely to keep their heads in the event of a serious military débâcle, and, if not, how would such a disaster be retrieved?

The morbid dread and dislike of women lately voiced by many men, and most eloquently by Strindberg, are analogous to the constant fear of invasion which haunts the readers of the halfpenny Jingo press. Neither the one nor the other is sane or normal. Will some doctor of standing, who knows that hatred of the opposite sex, indifference to truth, jealousy, fear, and mistrust are the well-recognised stigmata of degeneracy, give his authoritative opinion on this modern attitude of men and its relation to the safety of the State? I enclose my card.—Yours, &c.,

A MEMBER OF THE SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

February 5th, 1913.

#### A MUCH-NEEDED LICENSING REFORM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In view of the approaching annual Licensing Sessions, I should like to draw attention in your columns to a suggestion which would, I think, be a distinct improvement in the present system of granting new licences. As the law now stands, if a licence has been applied for and refused, the application may nevertheless be renewed the very next year, and every year afterwards, until it is granted, or until the applicants, who are nearly always, in reality, the brewers, come to the conclusion that the case is hopeless. I should like to suggest, for the careful consideration of all who are interested in temperance work, that the law should be so changed that when a licence appealed for has been refused, no new application for the same licence can be admitted until an appreciable period—say, three or four clear years—has elapsed. It is very rarely that the conditions alter materially in a shorter time, and the present system involves an annual worry and expense to all concerned which may very well be avoided.

We are all expecting, in the near future, the long-promised Government Licensing Bill, and I should be glad, sir, if you will allow me to urge all active Liberals and all temperance organisations to take the matter up, and agitate for the inclusion in the Bill of a clause making the necessary reform. It is, I think, so obviously advantageous that, if included in the Bill, its acceptance by the House of Commons may be taken as certain. The particular point has not, I think, been hitherto definitely raised, and if those interested make an active effort to press the matter upon the Government, a reform which is clearly helpful to the cause of temperance can no doubt be secured.—Yours, &c.,

J. SPENCER HILL.

The Chantry, Enfield.

February 3rd, 1913.

#### SUGAR AND PROTECTION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Moreton Frewen writes:—

"That given a proper measure of Protection for sugar, we also can produce presently all our own sugar, and reduce the price of sugar for the consumer 33 per cent., I have no doubt.

"In the above I have referred only to the sugar product. But the residuals of the beet factories are cheap fodder for innumerable cattle, and in this way are provided cheaper meat and cheaper soil fertilisers."

This Protectionist wants to produce here all the sugar, and all the cattle; another all the wheat, oats and barley; another all the eggs, poultry, butter, and cheese; another all the vegetables, &c., &c., and all this is to be done on the 121,271 square miles in the United Kingdom, with 600 inhabitants per square mile in England and Wales, compared with 3,571,492 square miles in the United States and thirty people to the square mile.

The total food imported amounts to about 250 millions. I wonder what the price of land would go to if this cultivation were possible, because in consequence of the high Protection of Germany the land

has changed hands at double and treble the price, and wheat is sold, not cheaper, but at the world-price, plus the duty. But supposing, for the sake of argument, it were possible to produce all these things in this country, what would become of the labor employed in producing the articles which we export in return for these imports which are to be shut out, and what would become of the ships that carry these goods, and the harbors and the docks, and the bankers and the Insurance Companies, and the thousands of millions of British capital invested abroad for the purpose of supplying us with the very goods that Mr. Frewen wants to shut out?—Yours, &c.,

C. PROCHOWNICK.

18a, Watling Street, London, E.C.

February 3rd, 1913.

#### THE PROBLEM OF RURAL HOUSING.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I fear your correspondent, Mr. Beesly, cannot have studied the Tory Housing Bills if he suggests that the one introduced by Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, and backed by Mr. Charles Bathurst, is an attempt "to secure another dole for the rural landlords."

Two Housing Bills have been introduced into the House of Commons during the last twelve months; the one by Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen; the other, by Mr. Beville Stanier; whilst one has been introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Salisbury.

If Mr. Beesly's criticism had been directed against Lord Salisbury's Bill, or Mr. Stanier's, it would have been well justified, for both these provide that loans may be granted to private individuals, enabling them to build cottages in rural England. Mr. Stanier's Bill, a product of the wisdom of the Rural League, is a particularly insidious attempt to benefit the landowner, for under its provisions loans at low rates of interest would be granted to landowners for building cottages, which would be the property of the landowner, free from rates. These cottages could, moreover, not be let at more than 1s. 6d. a week; and various other obnoxious clauses were to be found in the Bill.

The Boscawen Bill, on the other hand, contains no such vitiating clauses; for under this Bill (sec. 12. 3) the Treasury Grant would go to the Local Authorities, and the cottages erected would become the property of the Local Authority, or really of the ratepayers.

There are many Tories who are as much alive to the need of Housing Reform as members of our own party, and it is only due to them to recognise this fact. The Boscawen Bill was a sincere attempt to deal with the problem, and there are many Liberals who cannot readily forget the treatment meted out to it in Committee, and many more are convinced of the necessity for State grants and Housing Commissioners—the cardinal features of this Bill.

You have already allowed me the privilege in your columns of urging the adaptation of the Laborers (Ireland) Acts, and of showing the need of immediate action—whilst awaiting the rise in the laborer's wage.

Your correspondent considers that we should deal with wages first, and cottages afterwards. Four shillings a week is a low estimate for an economic rental; no laborer should pay more than one-seventh of his wage in rent. How long will it not be till the agricultural laborer receives twenty-eight shillings a week as his wage? Are we to wait till that time arrives before dealing with conditions which, although partly known, are hardly ever fully realised?

No, sir; I am strongly of opinion that, whilst the great movement of Rural Regeneration goes slowly forward, we must avail ourselves of temporary remedies which can be readily and effectively applied; and for this reason I am strongly in favor of legislation on the lines of the Bill introduced by Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH ARONSON.

Chipperfield, Herts, February 4th, 1913.

#### CAN WE STILL BE CHRISTIANS?

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—An adequate reply to the letters of "Socius," Mr. Meyrick Booth, and Mr. J. S. G. Butt would require far more space than you would permit. I will, therefore, limit myself to Mr. Meyrick Booth, since he puts his case in a more definite form than the other writers. I had contended

that (apart from the mere name of the Founder) there was nothing common to all the Christian Churches which was not also found in other religions. Mr. Booth resists this thesis, and gives me a definite challenge on the ethical question. Christian ethic, as taught in the New Testament, is, he says, "very far from being common to the other world-religions." Taking the "Sermon on the Mount" as the norm of Christian ethic, I maintain that this summary of morals is derivative, all its more important details being found in the Old Testament, the Apocrypha, or the Talmud. Even the Golden Rule occurs not only in the Talmud, but in the Scriptures of China, Persia, and India (Hindu and Buddhist). Where, then, is there such a thing as a distinctively Christian ethic? I do not know of it.

Then Mr. Booth concentrates on what he calls "two of the central pillars of Christian ethic"—(1) Love of enemies, and (2) monogamy. As to the former, it is sufficient to point out that it was taught by the Stoics centuries before the advent of Christianity. It is also found in the laws of Manu, in the Mahabharata, in the writings of Confucius, and elsewhere. It is almost a commonplace of the higher religions. But in which of the religions has it been practised? In Buddhism, if anywhere. Certainly not in Christendom, in any age.

"Monogamy" is Mr. Booth's other pillar. It is certainly broadly based, for monogamy is practised by many birds and quadrupeds. But these are not members of any Christian Church. Amongst mankind, it is by far the most common form of marriage, polygamy and polyandry being exceptional. To make it distinctively Christian is to force the facts. It is generally, if not universally, adopted in the highest forms of civilisation, and is indeed an indication of advanced culture rather than of religious development. I would caution Mr. Booth not to lean upon his pillars, lest he meet with the fate of Samson.

Furthermore, he writes that all Christian Churches agree in the following points:—

(1) That God is a loving Father. This is also a widespread Pagan belief. "Jupiter" is "Heaven-Father." In Virgil, God is "pater omnipotens." Odin was the "All-Fader." "Our Father which art in Heaven," may almost be called a World-prayer.

(2) That he is supremely revealed in Jesus Christ. There is no proof that this supremacy is more than nominal. It does not stand for a distinctive ethic, or for a creed common to all the Churches.

(3) That Christ is a Savior, and not (primarily) a Teacher. In ancient Paganism the idea of a Savior-god was common. Such were Dionysos, Mithra, Hermes, &c. If this were adopted as a modern test, Unitarians, and many other broad Christians, would be excluded from the pale of Christendom.

(4) That there is a personal future life. This is one of the most widely-spread beliefs of Paganism.

(5) That all souls are of equal value. So said the Stoics, Confucius, and many others.

(6) That the world is not a mechanism, &c. This is a doctrine of philosophy, and is accepted by most religions.

In conclusion, I contend that Mr. Meyrick Booth has failed to prove that the word "Christian" stands for a distinctive creed or ethic.—Yours, &c.,

C. CALLAWAY.

## NATIONAL DEFENCE AND THE PEOPLE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am a landless man, unless a parson with a house and garden is, in fact, as well as technically, a freeholder; most of my time I have been without even this freehold. From this position I would point out to "E. M." a weakness in his argument that the landless ought not to be asked to defend their country. It is this: We non-freeholding men of England are landless but not England-less men. The loss of England, the England that she is to the world and to ourselves, even the poorest of us, would be the loss of mortal life's chief material good and much of its spiritual. This is why it is right to ask a poor man to defend a land of which he owns, not indeed one rood, but only the whole of it—as does, for example, with "the bulk of his countrymen,"—Yours, &c.,

POORE PERSON OF A TOUNE.

## "THE MAN HIMSELF."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—No Stevensonian will trouble himself much with your critic of January 11th. The Master dealt with him and his like twenty years ago, when he wrote to Mr. Richard Le Gallienne: "The little, artificial popularity of style in England tends, I think, to die out; the British pig returns to his true love—the love of the styleless, of the shapeless, of the slapdash, and the disorderly."—Yours, &c.,

DAVID PATERSON.

"Vailima," Queen's Drive, Mossley Hill, Liverpool.

## THE DISTRESS IN THE BALKANS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you kindly grant me space to appeal to your readers for funds for the support of the unfortunate destitute non-combatants in the Balkans? The need of these sufferers would have been very great even if the result of the recent Conference had been to bring about peace; but now that the war has been resumed, their need will be greater than ever. I need only add that all funds entrusted to the Committee of the Balkan War Relief Fund, of which I am Chairman, are used to alleviate the needs of the sufferers on both sides, and this fact alone will, I hope, strongly appeal to your readers, and induce them to subscribe promptly and generously to our fund. The people in the district under our charge have, in many cases, nothing to eat, and, needless to say, nothing to sow for the coming year.—Yours, &c.,

NOEL BUXTON.

House of Commons, S.W.

February 6th, 1913.

## Poetry.

### A TRANSLATION OF THE HYMN OF ST. FRANCIS.

"IL CANTICO DEL SOLE."

O Most High Almighty, good Lord God, unto Thee praise, glory, honor, and all adoration!

O Most High, they are meet for Thee alone, and no man is worthy to utter Thy Name.

Praised be my Lord God, with all His creatures; and chiefest my worshipful brother the sun, that setteth the day and setteth the light thereof. Comely is he, and excellent with radiance and splendor. O Lord, he is Thy token unto us!

Praised be my Lord for my sister the moon, and for the stars; the which He hath sealed in the firmament, luminous and tender and full of comeliness.

Praised be my Lord for my brother the wind; for air and cloud, the sky and the tranquillity thereof, and all weathers; by the which Thou upholdest all creatures.

Praised be my Lord for my sister the water, the which is very serviceable unto us, and lowly and delicate and clean.

Praised be my Lord for my brother the fire; by the which Thou lightest the darkness of the night; comely is he and joyful and sturdy and valorous.

Praised be my Lord for our sister the earth; that doth nurture and cherish us, and doth gather us the divers fruits thereof, even to overflowing, and flowers of divers hues and the grass of the field.

Praised be my Lord for them that forgive one another for love of Thee and endure weakness and affliction. Blessed are they that shall endure with peacefulness, for Thou, O Most High, shalt set a crown about them.

Praised be my Lord for our sister, the death of the body; the which no creature may shun. Woe unto him that perisheth in mortal sin, but Lord, what rapture unto him that hath fulfilled Thy holy will, for the second death shall do him no hurt!

Praise ye and bless ye the Lord, and offer thanks unto Him and serve Him with lowliness and fervor of heart.

H. J. M.

## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Theories of Evolution." By Yves Delages and Marie Goldsmith. (Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Early Poetry of Israel in its Physical and Social Origins." By George Adam Smith. (Frowde. 3s. net.)
- "Camp and Tramp in African Wilds." By E. Torday. (Seeley. 16s. net.)
- "Rival French Courts: The Experiences of a Lady-in-Waiting at Sceaux, at Versailles, and in the Bastille." By S. H. Lombardini. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Lacordaire." By Count d'Haussonville. Translated by A. W. Evans. (Herbert & Daniel. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "Rambles in Holland." By E. and M. Sharpe Grew. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)
- "The Theology of the Church of England." By F. W. Worsley. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "London and its Government." By Percy A. Harria. (Dent. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "John Christopher: Journey's End." By Romain Rolland. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. (Heinemann. 6s.)
- "An Affair of State." By J. C. Snaith. (Methuen. 6s.)
- "La Mort." Par Maurice Maeterlinck. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Essais de Critique." Par Georges Pierredon. (Paris: Grasset. 3 fr. 50.)
- "L'Esprit du XVII<sup>e</sup>. Siècle." Par Georges Pierredon. (Paris: Sansot. 3 fr. 50.)
- "La Tragédie de Ravallac." Par Jérôme et Jean Tharaud. (Paris: Emile-Paul. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Kultur Sozialismus: Ein Beitrag zur Lösung der Sozialen Frage." Von P. F. Paria. (Berlin: Rutsland. M. 1.20.)

Two translations of books on the French Revolution are to appear this month. One is Dr. Gustave Le Bon's "The Psychology of Revolution Illustrated by the French Revolution," which Mr. Unwin has almost ready. Dr. Gustave Le Bon is known in this country by his book, "The Crowd," a study of the differences between the acts and emotions of individuals and the acts and emotions of groups, which ran into several English editions. He has now applied the same method to the leading figures in the French Revolution, and has reached conclusions that have already roused a good deal of discussion among students of the period.

THE other book is a version by Mrs. Rudolph Stawell of "The Memoirs of the Comte Roger de Damas," which will be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. Roger de Damas was a younger brother of the Count Charles de Damas who helped in the arrangements for the flight of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette to Varennes. Roger had served in the Russian Army, but joined the *émigrés* in 1795, and fought against the French troops with some distinction. Louis XVIII. gave him high rank in the French Army, and he also took an active part in the political life of the Restoration.

TROLLOPE is one of the Victorian novelists who, after passing through a season of neglect, seems to be entering on a fresh lease of popularity. This is certainly true of the delightful Barset series, and possibly also of some of his political novels. Trollope's "Autobiography," though well worth reading, is far from an adequate account of his life, and it is satisfactory to learn that a "Life of Anthony Trollope" has been undertaken by Mr. T. H. Escott. It will be published during the present season by Mr. Lane.

ECCLESIASTICAL biography is to receive a promising addition in the shape of Mr. Vernon Staley's "Life of Gilbert Sheldon, Sometime Archbishop of Canterbury," which Messrs. Wells Gardner are to publish. Considering the part that Sheldon played both in the history of the English Church and in that of Oxford University, it is surprising that we have had to wait so long for a full account of his career. He was the friend of Falkland and Hyde, attended Charles I. at Oxford, Newmarket, and in the Isle of Wight, and it was at his lodgings that the Savoy Conference was held for the revision of the Prayer Book. The Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford was built at his expense, and he took an active share in the work of rebuilding St. Paul's Cathedral after the Great Fire.

AMONG contemporary books on financial topics, those of Mr. Hartley Withers on "The Meaning of Money" and "Stocks and Shares" stand out in a way that Bagehot's "Lombard Street" did in the last generation. Mr. Withers has just finished another volume, "Money Changing: An Introduction to Foreign Exchange," which Messrs. Smith, Elder have in the press. The subject bristles with intricacies, and gives full scope for Mr. Withers's gift of clear exposition and his power of interesting readers in topics that, as usually handled, are both dull and difficult.

A BIOGRAPHY of Jane Austen by two members of her family, Mr. W. Austen-Leigh and Mr. R. Austen-Leigh, is announced by Messrs. Smith, Elder. The work is based on the "Memoir" published by Jane Austen's nephew, the Rev. J. E. Austen-Leigh, in 1869, but it will contain some fresh material from unpublished family documents.

EVERY year now witnesses the hundredth anniversary of one or other of Wellington's victories; this year sees that of Vittoria, his greatest battle after Waterloo, and there promises to be no dearth of fresh books about his exploits. We have already had Professor Oman's brilliant study of "Wellington's Army" from Messrs. Arnold, and now Messrs. Methuen announce "The Soldiers whom Wellington Led," by Mr. Edward Fraser. It gives a record of some of the most striking episodes in the Peninsular War, as told in the letters, diaries, and journals of eye-witnesses who were in the thick of the fighting.

ANOTHER book to come from the same publishers is "Trade Unionism," by Mr. H. H. Schloesser, one of the authors of an authoritative work on the legal position of trade unions. In the coming volume, Mr. Schloesser gives a history of the rise and development of working-class associations, describes the constitutions and methods of working of the unions, and discusses their relations with the Labor Party. An account of the present position of Trade Unionism ought to be of value in view of the rise of Syndicalism and the rather critical position in which the movement finds itself at the present moment.

"FRENCH PROPHETS OF YESTERDAY" is the title of a book by M. Albert Léon Guérard, which appears on Mr. Unwin's list. The prophets are Louis Veuillot, Guizot, Schérer, Michelet, Quinet, Sainte-Beuve, Victor Hugo, Taine, Renan, and others whose teaching has helped to form the mental outlook of the present generation. M. Guérard studies their religious teaching, but as the religious conflict in France was but part of a much wider struggle, his book is also a contribution to social and literary history.

THE land and housing questions are now well to the front, and books on these topics are in evidence. Mr. Hugh Aronson, who for some time has been examining the problems of English village life, has written "Our Village Homes: Present Conditions and Suggested Remedies," in which, after showing the effect of bad housing on rural health and morals, he criticises some of the remedies proposed, and outlines his own solution. In "The Road to Freedom" Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, M.P., and Mrs. Wedgwood argue that the Land Monopoly is a great cause of most economic evils, and that the only alternative to its suppression is legislation of the Fabian type, which, the authors contend, would be fatal to personal liberty and to the progress of the race. Mr. Aronson's book will be published by Messrs. Murby, and Mr. Wedgwood's by Messrs. Daniel.

THE next instalment of Messrs. Williams & Norgate's "Home University Library" will contain several attractive volumes. The history section will include Professor Herbert Fisher's "Napoleon" and a book by Mr. David Hannay on "The Navy and Sea Power"; literature will be represented by Mr. G. K. Chesterton on "The Victorian Age in Literature," Professor J. G. Robertson on "The Literature of Germany," and Mr. John Bailey on "Dr. Johnson and His Circle"; while among other volumes will be "The Newspaper" by Mr. G. B. Dibblee, "Comparative Religion" by Professor Estlin Carpenter, "The Origin and Nature of Life" by Professor Benjamin Moore, and "Painters and Painting" by Sir Frederick Wedmore.



## Reviews.

### THE STORY OF THE WELSH ESTABLISHMENT.

"Landmarks in the History of the Welsh Church." By the Right Rev. ALFRED GEORGE EDWARDS, Bishop of St. Asaph. (Murray. 6s. net.)

"The Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England in Wales." (Central Campaign Committee for the Disestablishment of the Church of England in Wales. 6d. net.)

THE Bishop of St. Asaph has given us an interesting but unconvincing historic apologia for the Welsh Establishment.

The glories of the ancient British Church occupy three chapters; but the Bishop does not explain in what way these glories constitute the heirlooms of the Church at the present time by law established in Wales. The Church of Gildas, the church of the dying classical civilisation of Britain, was a Latin institution which would rather have perished than have used the tongue of the Saxon or even that of the Kelt in its public worship. The Cymric Church of the latter half of the sixth century, the Church of St. David and St. Terlo, was no doubt Celtic, but it was bitterly anti-Saxon. Unlike the Celtic Church of Iona in the north, its monasteries sent forth no missionaries to convert the pagans of Mercia or Wessex; but when one of its saints who dwelt on the banks of the Severn heard the voice of a Saxon cheering on his dogs, he fled from the place, for he feared that the countrymen of the strange-tongued man might make them abide near him. Yet to-day, alike in Kentigern's shrine of St. Asaph and in St. David's fane, in the Valley of the Roses on the Pembroke coast, dean and canons perform their Sunday service of psalm and song, not in the Latin language that Gildas loved, nor in the Cymric tongue that David and Kentigern spoke, but in the speech of the strange-tongued men with whom no Cymric saint of the olden day would dwell. But the question is not only one of language. It is impossible to conceive a Christian Communion more alien from the cold, decorous Anglicanism of the day than was that Cymric Church in which the monk was still half a Druid, the church which had such power to move Nature that, when its saints preached in the valley, the valley rose up and became a mighty hill.

Accordingly, even if it could be shown that the endowments at present enjoyed by the Anglican establishment in Wales represented the gifts of ancient Welsh chieftains to this old Cymric Church, the establishment could on such ground put forward no moral claim against disendowment. In fact, however, the bishop's attempted proof on the subject breaks down. He tries to find the origin of the Welsh tithe rent charge in the census or food rents rendered to Cymric bishops or abbots, of which there are examples in the Book of Llandaff; but these payments have nothing in common with the tithe of the canon law. There is absolutely no clear evidence that the tithe of increase was ever paid in Wales prior to the Norman Conquest. Moreover, the really valuable tithe was the tithe on crops, and even in the twelfth century Wales was in the pastoral stage. Historically, the Welsh tithe rent charge derives its origin from the enforcement by Welsh medieval ecclesiastics of the Papal canon law on the subject of tithe. The weapon which these ecclesiastics brought into play against the recalcitrant tithe-payer was excommunication, and when the sword of the Church failed, the Royal sheriff or the bailiff of the local lord marcher came to the rescue with temporal arms. In short, Welsh tithe, like English tithe, is nothing more nor less than an ecclesiastical tax levied on the produce of cultivated land, and converted by a modern Act of Parliament into an annual money payment, varying with the price of corn. The fact that its payment was for many centuries enforced not in the temporal but in the ecclesiastical court is a proof that it could not have been, as the bishop imagines, a sort of rent charge. But what is the use of arguing further on a fantastical theory which the writings of Lyndwood and of every other medieval canonist contradict?

In his sixth chapter the bishop endeavors to convince us that the absorption of the Welsh diocese into the province of Canterbury in the Norman period was a peaceful affair, or that at any rate it meant no more to the Welsh people than the change which was signified in England by

the intrusion of Norman ecclesiastics into English sees and abbeys after the Battle of Hastings. As for the peaceful character of the fusion, the Welsh princes in 1203 took a different view, inasmuch as they informed the Pope that it was only by armed violence that the Welsh Church had been made subject to the domination of England and Canterbury. To say that this subjugation involved no other consequences than such as were brought about by the Norman ecclesiastical régime in England is to misrepresent history. The *ecclesia Anglicana* of this epoch was governed, it is true, by foreign bishops, but it was never subjected to the Church of Normandy. Anselm and Becket stand forth as the champions of the English people. In Wales, the Norman bishops were the allies of the Norman invader. "Whenever," wrote the Welsh princes to the Pope, "an expedition is preparing against us, the Primate of Canterbury places under an interdict the district which it is proposed to invade. Our bishops, who are their creatures, hurl their curses against our chiefs and people, and they who fall in battle die excommunicated." The ecclesiastical union of Wales with Canterbury was an incident of the political subjection of Wales to the Norman crown. When for a moment in the fifteenth century a large portion of Wales obtained freedom under Owen Glendower, not only did the Welsh prince repudiate Canterbury, but, with the consent of the Bishops of St. Asaph and Bangor of the time, he transferred the spiritual allegiance of Wales from the Pope at Rome, whom England acknowledged, to the anti-Pope at Avignon. The North Welsh bishops of those ages of faith treated the claims of Canterbury with a cavalier freedom which appears startling even to the supporters of Mr. McKenna's Bill.

When our author comes to the Reformation period, his history becomes almost preposterous. He is of opinion that only five of our pre-Reformation Sovereigns—to wit, John, Henry III., Henry IV., and Henry VI.—accepted the Papal claims. He tells us that Henry IV. was ready at the instigation of the Pope to confiscate the revenues of the national church. The disendowment proposal, to which he refers, was the suggestion of the Lollard Lord Cobham. In discovering that the Pope and the Wycliffites were in alliance, the bishop has made a find on the subject that puts even the discoveries of Maitland on the canon law into the shade. Starting from such premises, he ventures on the assertion that the Reformation for Wales meant little more than a change from a Ritualistic to an Evangelical incumbent means to an English parish to-day. Alas, for the fond imaginings of "Church defenders"! The Church of Wales before the Reformation was a Church whose children were attached to mysterious shrines and relics, whose bards sang of the wondrous image of our blessed Lady of Penrhys, whose monks at Strata Florida guarded the Holy Graal that Galahad's eyes beheld, a church whose pilgrims were ever wandering to the seven-hilled city and to the shrine of Compostella, and who were often to be seen in the holy places of Salem. It was a Church that sent some of its noblest sons in the days of Elizabeth to foreign lands, to issue from the printing presses of Rouen or Milan, in classical Welsh, the last sad protest of old Wales against the "Crefydd y Saeson." It may indeed be doubted whether the Welsh people ever became genuine Protestants until the epoch of the Methodist revival. We learn from Erasmus Saunders that even in the early Georgian days the Welsh people had hardly forgotten their prayers to St. Mary, and there is a bitter wail from Elizabethan and Stuart bishops in Wales of the pilgrimages to wells, and of the watchings in chapels and such desert places. Naturally the bishop says what he can on behalf of the Laudian period in Wales, and we may grant that the ideas of the cultured Anglicanism of the school of Ferrar and George Herbert affected Welsh squires with poetical and literary tastes like Vaughan the Silurist and Roland Vaughan of Caer Gai. But there is no evidence that this somewhat esoteric form of piety ever moved the Welsh peasantry. The Puritan attempt at reformation by the ordinance "for the better propagation of the Gospel" may deserve some of the bishop's criticisms. But the scheme never had a fair trial, and it is a remarkable fact that these much-abused Roundheads contemplated the establishment of a Welsh University. Anyway, for our author to rake up all that Cavalier malignity can say of Vavasour Powell, and to

pass over without a mention Morgan Llwyd, the mystical disciple of Behmen, the poet who yearned for a purer religion than the Cromwellian preachers could supply, is not to give a fair picture of those Welshmen who stood for the Commonwealth.

Naturally the bishop seeks to minimise the Welsh revivals of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He brings out pieces of contemporary evidence with which the historian of the future must deal. Certainly, these chapters are the most scholarly portions of his volume. Yet his readiness to belittle those whom Welsh Nonconformity regards as saints will hardly increase his countrymen's affection for the episcopate. And, while he is ever carping at the faults of enthusiasm, he has no word of real reproach for his own Church's neglect and scorn of its duties in the past. And yet he must know that the most fanatical of the jumpers of Carnarvon stood for a purer ideal of religion than did the selfish and alien pluralists who ruled the Welsh Church in the Georgian days. His book says little of this reign of abuse, and so it fails to explain the true cause of Welsh hostility to the establishment. But here it is possible to appeal from our bishop to our bishop's brother, that great and patriotic Churchman, the late Dean Edwards of Bangor. No student of history can read Dean Edwards's words and not realise that the coming disestablishment is a deserved Nemesis on an institution that has betrayed its trust. "For a hundred and fifty years," says Dean Edwards, "the head of every diocese was an imported ecclesiastic, ignorant of the language, out of sympathy with the people. He came into Wales strong in his narrow national creed that all things un-English were unpardonable. To root out the sin of Welsh, he transplanted into all sunny places English brothers, cousins, connections, friends. Thus it gradually became the mark of the dignified clergy that they were dumb in the language of the people. To the Welsh the cathedral city became a fortress, garrisoned by men who despised everything Welsh except Welsh endowments; the cathedral itself a consecrated ice-house, in which Welsh hearts were chilled to find strangers wearing Welsh dignities in person, doing Welsh duties by deputy."

We can, in conclusion, only spare a word for the Disestablishment handbook. It admirably sums up the nationalist historical and statistical arguments against the establishment. It also deals at considerable length with the origin of ecclesiastical endowments, devoting several chapters to the subject of tithe.

#### WATTS.

"George Frederic Watts." By M. S. WATTS. (Macmillan. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. net.)

To this record of one of the most distinguished personalities of the nineteenth century, Mrs. Watts has brought the personal devotion one might expect. The result is a biography that is extraordinarily interesting without being great, and extraordinarily full without being complete. The task undoubtedly presented singular difficulties, chiefly owing to Watts's well-known aversion from the idea of a public man's private life being laid bare to the multitude, and we do not desire to stress the points in which the work appears to us to fall short. Certain deficiencies were doubtless unavoidable. But we think that the literary advisers to whom the author refers in the introduction to Vol. III., if not the author herself, might, in view of the wide interest in Watts's career, have made these volumes a little more serviceable for reference. First, and most serious of omissions, there is no index. Secondly, there is no bibliography. Now, the art of Watts excited as much critical speculation during his lifetime as that of any of his contemporaries. The magazine articles on his work were certainly very numerous, and we remember at least two able critical biographies published in this country during the last ten years, while the continental bibliography must be very considerable. The references to critical appreciations in the body of the book are too meagre to compensate for the absence of a tabulated bibliography. Finally, a chronological table, if not so necessary a feature as the two just named, would have been welcome, in view of the discursiveness of this too sparsely dated narrative.

We have referred to the difficulties of Mrs. Watts's task; it would be less than just to underestimate their full extent. Watts was considerably over sixty when he first met his second wife, and he was sixty-nine when they were married. Her acquaintanceship, therefore, with the details of the greater part of his life rested entirely on what the artist himself had told her; most of those who knew him as a boy had passed away; no letters were preserved. "Now only," she writes, "do I seem to be conscious that the years when I had the privilege of being in close companionship with him were those of flower and fruit, and that, in my infinite contentment, these as it were habitually hid from my view any sight of the root and the stem." Her regret at the absence of personal knowledge of Watts's boyhood and middle-age will be shared by the reader. The fact, moreover, that Mrs. Watts only knew her husband when the greatness of his character and genius was known to the world, goes far to explain the unquestioning reverence that is an insistent characteristic of her work. From an outside point of view, the entire absence of any critical note is, perhaps, to be deplored, for the attraction no less than the truth of a portrait-study depends as much upon the human failings of its subject as upon his human feelings. But her attitude in this respect, and her desire to perpetuate that attitude in the public mind, are perfectly natural, and condonation of her hero-worship, if such were required, could be found more readily here than in most cases. For "Signor," as he was affectionately called by his intimates, was of the stuff that commands such worship—a personality, the pure ambition of whose artistic ideals was matched by a vast and kindly graciousness towards his friends, whose generosity with money was equalled by his generosity in praise to his fellow-artists. "Signor," said Burne-Jones once, "admires paintings that would make very good soles for his boots."

Two of these volumes are devoted to biography; the third consists mainly of Watts's writings. Born in 1817, and brought up with half-brothers and sisters in a puritanical household, Watts's young days were marred by persistent ill-health, and chiefly for this reason he never underwent any systematic course of art-training. He frequented, however, the studio of William Behnes, the sculptor, and the society of Charles Behnes, the latter's brother, helped considerably in the development of his intellectual life. For a short time, too, he was a student at the Academy schools. Here, he tells us, "there was no teaching at all," and he was soon satisfied that he could learn more by himself in his own studio. It is worth noting at this point that the Minutes of his evidence given before the Royal Commission on the Academy (1863) is incorporated in Volume III., and shows him to have been an uncompromising critic both of the methods and lack of initiative of the body to which he afterwards belonged. Meanwhile successes at the Academy exhibitions followed, and in 1843 he won a premium of £300 in the competition for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, with his cartoon of "Caractacus Led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome." From that time onward he may be said never to have looked back. The irony of his career was that his success was not the kind he wanted. Throughout he worked less for his personal triumph (and not at all for his own emolument) than for the exaltation of his country's art by making it a real and living factor in the life of the people. He cared little or nothing for Academic honors; they were thrust upon him. To social distinctions he was indifferent; twice was he obliged to refuse the baronetcy offered by Gladstone. His well-known offer to decorate the hall of Euston Station, and the fresco he actually painted, free of charge, for Lincoln's Inn Hall, were prompted by his desire to stimulate, through mural painting, the native interest in pictorial art; and it was the same high consciousness of his mission that dictated the gift of so many of his pictures to the nation, when he could have accumulated a big fortune by selling them. The throwing open of his studio in Melbury Road to the public, and the building of an art gallery at Compton, were forms of self-advertisement so unselfish in their aim that one hesitates to use this term of them.

With all this, what was his influence on the life and art of his time? Less than Morris's, a great deal less than Ruskin's. Allowing that the appeal through painting is necessarily less effective than that of the writer or lecturer, we have often wondered why Watts's success was not very



much greater. Was it that his own standard was too high—that people did not understand those “ethical reflections” which alone he would bequeath to the nation? There is a touching story of a man in a provincial town who, reduced to the profoundest depths of material and spiritual wretchedness, found infinite and far-reaching solace after contemplating Watts’s picture of “Hope”; this and other stories go to prove that when his appeal got home, it did so with a rare and poignant force. But we should hesitate to say that they prove the universal character of his appeal, or that, beyond the cultured and comfortable people by whom he was surrounded, his art showed the way to happiness through beauty. Reading this book, one is indeed led to suspect that he was never sufficiently in touch with democratic thought to touch the democratic heart. His lines lay always in pleasant places. The life-long friendship with Lord and Lady Holland, begun in Florence and continued in Kensington, with the Prinseps and others of their circle, stimulating as it was to his intellectual and æsthetic development, was branded all over with affluence and physical comfort. Generous as he was himself—and his generosity was unequalled—he never missed what he gave away to the extent of being, even temporarily, in serious financial difficulties. An indefatigable worker, he could have subsisted comfortably on the proceeds of half his work, for in proportion as he refused to sell, the anxiety of dealers to buy and to pay high prices grew more clamorous. Was the mere fact that he could well afford a crusade in some part responsible for his failure to carry it to a triumphant conclusion?

Curiously enough, Watts disliked portrait-painting, and distrusted his own powers as a portraitist: “Nature did not intend me for a portrait-painter,” he once said. Yet it is difficult to think of our National Portrait Gallery without the noble portraits of great men that bear his signature, or to over-estimate the distinction of his presence among contemporary portrait-painters. The originals—Carlyle, Tennyson, Gladstone, Meredith, and Cecil Rhodes among them—flash through these pages, and the intimate glimpses of the great men suggest the character of the painter who could inspire such intimacy. The mundane side of spiritual men is happily illustrated by a little story of “Dicky” Doyle and Tennyson. It was at little Holland House that Doyle

“first met the Poet Laureate, and afterwards described how he had waited with bated breath to catch and treasure up the first syllables that should fall from his lips, expecting at least that such words should flow as: ‘He clasped the crag with hooked hands,’ but no; the poet spoke—he said: ‘Legs of mutton should be cut in wedges.’”

Carlyle said of his portrait: “You have made me like a mad laborer,” and disparaged the Elgin marbles and the Parthenon frieze from his own peculiar standpoint. Watts painted Tennyson at Farringford, and found that their religious beliefs coincided. There is a pretty picture of a meeting between Mrs. Watts and the painter and poet after a morning’s work:—

“Lord Tennyson and his son had arranged to walk back with Signor. We had just climbed the little rise that led to a broad green glade when the three came in sight, and we both exclaimed! For down the great side of elms they came, a Russian deer-hoof flashing like silver through the sun or shade, and the central figure the poet, a note of black in the midst of the vivid green, grand in the folds of his ample cloak, and his face looming grandly from the shadow of the giant hat. ‘Monumental’ Signor would have called him. The slight stoop and the heavier step of age made the youthful figure of the son look all the more what he was, his father’s vigorous staff and prop. And then our eyes fell upon the delicate grey figure of our beloved painter on the other side, the grey hat crowning silver hair, a grey cloak taking pleasant folds, while he stepped like a boy, light and neat in every movement. Lord Tennyson was playful, gave us a smiling greeting, and put out the crook of his walking-stick for us to shake hands with.”

The meeting with Rhodes produced a portrait—not a commission, as Watts carefully stipulated, but for the national collection of portraits he was doing of “the prominent men who may hereafter be found to have made or marred their country”; and he added, with candor, “I am not sure myself which you are doing.” His qualified admiration for Rhodes was part and parcel of his attraction to the virile and strenuous. Like Henley, he had an enormous respect for physical strength—the respect of the frail-bodied for the robustious. With the exception of riding

—he seems to have had a way with a horse, as well as a profound affection for the species—he was not addicted to sport, though he was capable of being electrified by the sound of a cricket-ball. But in the larger fields of physical prowess—such as empire-building—he took an almost passionate interest; he expresses his whole idea in his great equestrian statue, “Physical Energy.”

Volume III. reveals some phases of thought through which he passed. He was a frequent contributor to the “Nineteenth Century,” and an article on “The Present Conditions of Art” reprinted here, betrays his impatience, both at the impotence of those who should lead and the stupidity of those who should follow along the path of enlightenment. Another essay, “Our Race as Pioneers,” gives us an inkling of his political beliefs, if one could call them such, and we find him upholding the Boer War with arguments which bring back the special pleading of its contemporary advocates. Yet he prided himself on being a Liberal, and some of his sayings, religiously set down here, prove that he felt the need of, and desired, social reform. But his panaceas suggest that he had not the faith wherewith to carry his creed to its logical conclusion. “Co-operation—equality in usefulness” was as far as he could get along the path to Socialism. He objected, it is true, to the idle rich; but he had not lost faith in the upper class as the governing class, or gained it in a lower class as one capable of regeneration. The trail of that affluent society at Kensington lies heavily over all this cloudy political philosophy. There was, indeed, in Watts’s life, as in his artistic purpose, the tendency that is so often found in the comfortable middle classes—the tendency to compromise. In his art he set out to be a great artist; but he halted between his instinct to create visions of mystical beauty and the desire to teach an ethical lesson. And so, distracted by the allied but different claims of artist and reformer, he was not wholly successful either as one or the other. At times, in the interpretation of vast cosmic ideas, he rises to the sublime; we can remember standing awed and silent before the grave beauty of the “Love and Death.” But his very sublimity is a barrier between himself and humanity. He does not touch the human conscience as Hogarth the moralist touched it, or even as the great peasant artists, Millet and Meunier, the men of the people. Withal, his was a fine and generous spirit, the like of which is not easily found in an age of drab materialism and commercialism; and his was an artistic gift, which, for the utter sincerity with which he used it, the world will not easily forget.

#### THE LAND OF CONTRASTS.

“My Russian Year.” By ROTHAY REYNOLDS. (Mills & Boon. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE last six or seven years have produced excellent books on Russian life, written from various points of view; such books as Mr. Stephen Graham’s, Mr. Maurice Baring’s, and a few beside. The poignant truthfulness of Russian literature, the helpless collapse of Russian arms in the Japanese War, the overwhelming tragedy of the attempted revolution, and the subsequent suppression of liberty, followed by our own shameful understanding with the Russian Government, have combined to attract attention to that sombre but contradictory country, always so difficult for the English mind to understand. And now Mr. Rothay Reynolds gives us an account which, we think, will help to explain it better than almost any other, at all events to people who are in the main ignorant of the subject. For he writes with great simplicity, taking nothing for granted; he dwells on the really essential points that so often escape writers upon passing or historic scenes; and his knowledge is unusually intimate.

In the matter of knowledge, the title does him injustice. Such knowledge of language, customs, and life could not have been gathered in a year; and everyone who has followed the course of Russia, at least since the Bloody Sunday of January, 1905, knows that Mr. Reynolds must, in fact, have passed five or six years in the country. During those years he evidently mixed freely with classes between which the dividing lines are more definite than in England, though at the same time there is far less snobbery, far better feelings of general equality, friendliness, and a kind of



family relationship. He has mixed with Court circles, with the landed aristocracy, the "intelligenzia" (roughly speaking, the professional classes), the merchants, the peasants, and the Jews. He has even known the clergy, both "Black" and "White" (regular and secular), and the clergy form a class whose influence or existence is almost always overlooked by travellers in Russia. You might live years in Russian cities, and move intimately in every kind of society without meeting any of the clergy, or being reminded of their presence in the State, except when you happened to encounter a funeral, or to look in at a church service, and saw figures with leonine manes conducting the customary rites with automatus regularity, or bellowing the sacred chants with less religious zeal than a concert singer.

On all these classes and their ways of life, Mr. Reynolds writes with the freshness of personal acquaintance and sympathy. For a politician, his power of sympathy would, indeed, be dangerous. He can sympathise almost equally with sharply opposed parties in a life-and-death struggle. He can sympathise with the Autocrat's Court in its human unhappiness, and with the instruments of despotism in their perplexity—the internal struggle between the feelings of a naturally gentle race, and the extreme barbarities by which they think the State can alone be preserved. Writing of the Conservatives, generally denounced as Reactionaries, he says:—

"To meet them is to discover that they are not the villains of a melodrama, but differ in no way from the people to be met at a London dinner-party. Their wives and daughters are as tender and as sensitive as English women of the same class, and often better educated. The sacrifices to duty made by many Russian Conservatives are as worthy of admiration as the heroism of the revolutionists, to whom they are a prey."

As to being a prey, one would like to know the proportion of the killed on each side, to say nothing of the prisoners. We very much doubt if the Conservatives and officials could show one killed to a hundred revolutionists, and we suspect the percentage would be lower still. But letting that pass, we notice that Mr. Reynolds can even understand the position of the Black Hundred (as we mistranslate the word), and can appreciate the attraction of their ideal, though he acknowledges it to be obsolete and hopeless. After describing the beauty of a service in adoration of Moscow's Mother of God, as typifying Russia's ideal of union in religion, speech, and autocratic government, he continues:—

"This old ideal was only attainable when the Tsar ruled men of one race and of one faith. . . . But in Moscow, the third Rome, men were unable to understand this. They clung to their theory, and a thousand crimes were committed to save a beautiful ideal, already shattered in the blast of conquest. The method of defence has been invariable, and is embodied in the word Russification. To force every subject of the Russian Tsar to speak the language he speaks, to believe the creed he believes, to pray the prayers he prays, is the object of the reactionary; many volumes might be filled with the sorrowful history of the efforts made to attain these ends."

Mr. Reynolds shrinks from repeating the most hideous details of that sorrowful history; though, as a correspondent to a great London paper, he knew them, and carefully described many of them as they happened. Except for a quotation from a letter in which a political prisoner tells of the continual executions perpetrated in the yard outside his windows, he avoids the worst horrors of Stolypin's repression. But sympathise with outworn ideals and the heroes of official duty as he may, his most interesting chapters, after all, remain the three or four in which he tells of the revolutionary movement of 1905-1906, and carries on his story, in spite of his title, to succeeding years. Such chapters, we mean, as "The Levelling Process," "The Revolutionists," "Prison Life," and "A Peasant Rising." They are all the stronger because written by one quite capable of comprehending the charm of ancient religion and deeply-rooted custom—one, at all events, who would never be swept from his balance by the abstract phrases of progress and Social Democracy. We can well believe him when, after a moving account of the aged heroine, Catharine Breshkovsky, and her second exile to Siberia, he continues:—

"I did not understand what liberty is until I left England and lived in Russia, just as I did not realise that the English race is cultured until I lived in Germany. One does not think of the existence of the air until deprived of it."

He points to many strange aspects of life to which

English people have to become accustomed in Russia, and perhaps one of the first and, until recently, one of the strangest to an Englishman, is the position occupied by the prison in ordinary Russian society. Among educated people, the chance of prison is always there, and custom makes them take it lightly, for it is the reverse of dishonor. Describing an evening party, Mr. Reynolds writes:—

"My dear," said the elderly woman in a lull of the conversation, "Did I not tell you about taking my husband to prison last week? It was so funny. I insisted upon his having plenty of things, and they were packed in three portmanteaux. We drove down to the Kresty Prison, where the poor dear is, and I ordered the yardman at the gate to get somebody to take in the luggage. 'Do you suppose this the Hotel de France, madam?' he asked. Both I and my husband laughed, we couldn't help it. . . . 'I went to the house overlooking the prison yard yesterday,' she continued, 'at the time he takes exercise. He was walking round in a ring with the other members of the first Duma imprisoned there. Poor old M. Petrunkievitch was hobbling along, hardly able to keep up with the rest.'"

M. Petrunkievitch was a man well known in Europe as a political thinker on what we should call moderate Liberal lines. So was M. Mouroutseff, the dignified and learned Speaker in the first Duma; and Mr. Reynolds's account of his visit to that most distinguished personality in his prison makes one of the most poignant and informing passages in the book. But shorter and equally pointed is the quoted remark of a Russian lady who was lecturing upon the English Suffragettes when she came to a description of their prison life:—

"Perhaps I should explain," she said, looking up from her manuscript, "that hitherto it has not been common for men and women of education to be confined in English prisons."

"The Russian men and women of education to whom the explanation was offered were exceedingly amused at the remark, and they laughed. They formed the cream of the Liberal Party in St. Petersburg, many of them had been in prison, all of them had friends who were, or had been, in prison, and the irony underlying the speaker's statement was seized at once."

Yet, perhaps on account of the very proximity of this danger, and through the contempt for law that is engendered by oppression, social life in Russia remains singularly free. It is, indeed, a land of unexpected contrasts—of tyranny and freedom, of ignorance and intellect, of brotherly kindness and savage brutality. In his first chapter, Mr. Reynolds points out these apparent contradictions. Russia, he says, is the land of ideals, of monotony, of variety, of melodrama. It is the land of melancholy, of dancing and laughter, of tyranny and of liberty undreamed of by the shackled West. The excellence of his book lies in enabling us to realise this land of contrasts.

#### LETTERS OF A DIPLOMATIST.

"Correspondence of Lord Burghersh, afterwards Eleventh Earl of Westmoreland, 1808-1840." Edited by his Granddaughter RACHEL WEIGALL. (Murray. 12s. net.)

JOHN FANE, Lord Burghersh, was the only son of the runaway marriage of the tenth Earl of Westmoreland with the daughter and heiress of Child, the banker. This romantic love-match so displeased her father that he made a will leaving his immense wealth in the female line, so that no heir of his son-in-law should inherit. And, though he became reconciled to the marriage later, he died without having given effect to his change of mind, and his only grandson was thus left, comparatively, in modest circumstances. Lord Burghersh was, educated at Harrow, and went from there into the army. He was Wellington's *aide-de-camp* during the first campaign of the Peninsular War, and was afterwards attached to the Austrian army as English Commissioner. From 1815 onward he was Minister to the Court of Tuscany, and resided at Florence. In 1811 he married Priscilla Wellesley Pole, the favorite niece of the Duke of Wellington, who from this time took a strong personal interest in his career.

Letters written during this period by and to a man who was so closely in touch with both the military and diplomatic life of the time should be full of interesting sidelights on history; yet from this point of view the correspondence is disappointing. Lord Burghersh was so discreet a letter-

# Messrs. Constable & Co.'s New Books

**NOW READY.**

"The Correspondent who has won."—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

## WITH THE VICTORIOUS BULGARIANS

BY

## LIEUTENANT WAGNER

Of the Reserve of Officers of the Austrian Army, and Special War Correspondent of the "Reichpost."

With an Introduction by the PREMIER OF BULGARIA.

With over 50 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

### THE LAND OF ZINJ.

By **Captain C. H. Stigand**

*Just published.* Author of "The Game of East Africa." Being an account of British Africa, its Ancient History, and Present Inhabitants. Demy 8vo. With Map and Illustrations. 15s. net.

### THE GENESIS OF PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

By **George Stead Veitch**

*Published last week.* Assistant-Lecturer in History in the University of Liverpool. With an Introduction by **RAMSEY MUIR**, Professor of Modern History in the University of Liverpool. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

### THE MAKING OF MODERN ENGLAND.

By **Gilbert Slater, M.A., D.Sc.**

*Just published.* Principal of Ruskin College, Oxford. Author of "The English Peasantry and the Enclosure of Common Fields." Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

### LORD WARDENS OF THE MARCHES.

By **Howard Pease**

*Published last week.* Limited Edition. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

### LEOPARDS OF ENGLAND: and other Essays on Heraldry.

By **E. E. Dorling, M.A., F.S.A.**

*Published this week.* With 8 Plates in Colour and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

### THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS.

By **George R. Parkin**

*Recently published.* Secretary of the Rhodes Scholarships Trust. Large crown 8vo. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

### KANT AND SPENCER.

By **Borden Parker Bowne**

A Critical Exposition. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

### TIME AND CHANGE.

By **John Burroughs**

Author of "The Ways of Nature," "Leaf and Tendril," "Bird and Bough," etc. 4s. 6d. net.

### THE MILK QUESTION.

By **Milton J. Roseneau, M.P.**

*Just published.* Illustrated. Extra Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. A complete and authoritative study of all the various aspects of the question of the quality and healthiness of milk, and the factors that go to make good and bad milk.

### SELECTED THOUGHTS FROM THE FRENCH.

Chosen by **J. Raymond Solly**

*Published last week.* With English Translation. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net; Limp Leather, 5s. net.

A NEW VOLUME IN THE MODERN RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS SERIES.

### LABOUR AND THE CHURCHES. 1s. net.

By **Reginald A. Bray**

### THE HOLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH. 6s. net.

**R. M. Johnston**

### THE TASK OF SOCIAL HYGIENE. 6s. net.

**Havelock Ellis**

### THE OUTLINES OF EVOLUTIONARY BIOLOGY. 12s. 6d. net.

**A. Dendy, D.Sc., F.R.S.**

#### POETRY.

##### THE COMPLETE POEMS OF GEORGE MEREDITH

Complete in one volume, 7s. 6d. net

##### THE CREED OF MY HEART (3s. 6d. net) **E. G. A. HOLMES**

##### THE SONG OF ALFRED (5s. net) **H. O. ANDERTON**

##### THE BOOK OF SONGS (5s. net) **COLONEL H. S. JARRETT**

Translated from the German by

##### THE FLOWER-STREWN THRESHOLD (3s. 6d. net) **CECIL FANNING**

##### SONG LYRICS AND OTHER POEMS (2s. 6d. net) **ETHEL D. BATT**

##### SHEPHERD SONGS OF ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND (5s. net) **A. L. S. GOSSETT**

#### NEW 6s. FICTION.

##### THE INNER FLAME **CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM**

##### ISRAEL KALISCH **W. L. GEORGE**

##### BAC AND BACCAGE **BERNARD CAPES**

##### THE IMMACULATE YOUNG MINISTER **MATHILDE MALLING**

##### THE RECORDING ANGEL **CORRA HARRIS**

##### SIRI RAM (Indian Revolutionist) A Transcript from Life, 1907-1910 **R. E. VERNEDE**

##### THE JUNE LADY **R. RAMSAY**

##### THE IMPOSSIBLE SHE (5th impression). **MAUD DIVER**

##### THE HERO OF HERAT (3rd impression) **MARY JOHNSTON**

##### CEASE FIRING (2nd impression) **MRS. GEORGE WEMYSS**

##### PRISCILLA **W. J. HOPKINS**

##### CONCERNING SALLY

CONSTABLE & CO., LTD.

10 ORANGE ST., LONDON, W.C.

writer that most of what he committed to paper might have been made public at the time without the smallest inconvenience. It is the indiscretions in such a collection that are of value, and for these one must look chiefly among the letters he received. One interesting example of outspoken criticism occurs in a letter to his father, written in 1807, at the time when Sir John Duckworth had forced the Dardanelles. The present war makes his reference to the Turks worth quoting:—

"We are English, and I believe by nature not negotiators; the event will prove the fact. But let whatever have been in our power, nothing can excuse the English Minister having sent seven ships of line to impose the most disgraceful terms upon an empire of such resources as the Turks. How a Government could have asked an empire 'to deliver up their fleet,' 'to renounce all connection with France,' and to make peace, and a disgraceful one, with Russia, with only seven ships of the line, and not a single soldier to enforce their terms, is to me incomprehensible. . . . The natural inference would be that those who conceived such a plan must be mad."

Some interesting letters refer to Murat and the revolt in Naples. Indeed, the close student of history may find some useful footnotes among them. Sir William A'Court's attitude towards the revolutionaries seems a little blood-thirsty according to modern ideas. "There is a point," he writes, "after which forbearance becomes weakness;" and again, "*Il est si beau*," says M. de Medici, "to declare to Europe that Murat has no adherents here, and that it was necessary to spill no blood but his!" It might be so if the assertion were founded on facts, but when this is merely gratuitous, the moral beauty of the proceeding is very sensibly diminished."

Most of the letters relating to English affairs are from 1823 onward, and they reflect, as is natural, the ultra-Tory view. Lord Londonderry, in particular, is an uncompromising partisan, and his references to Canning are highly colored. "I have so long witnessed the unceasing and domineering influence of C—g," he writes, "that, if his health stands, he will, I think, be supreme." Two months later comes this note: "But, I confess, I was not prepared for such a reign of intrigue, insolence, and upstart dominion, as now exists." He even disregards the convention of "*de mortuis*," and writes of him after his death in these terms:—

"A monument is erecting to Mr. C., for his great public services, but no one can perceive what they are, or state any one act."

A letter from the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, to Lord Burghersh, at Florence, in 1829, gives a very interesting light as to the attempts by the Government to make use of "Rome Rule" in Ireland, even so early in the history of the Union. It is worth quoting at some length:—

"You are aware," he writes, "of the relation in which we stand towards Roman Catholics in Ireland. The old laws in respect to communication with Rome are strictly in force. But there is no doubt that the peace and welfare of Ireland depend in a great degree upon the selection of the men appointed to fill the places in the episcopal mission to that country. We cannot officially admit the existence of the interference of the Pope; we cannot at all acknowledge it; but we are anxious that it should be exercised in such a manner as will promote the peace and harmony of the country."

The Duke then refers to the appointment of a Bishop in the diocese of Waterford. The person "recommended by the priests in that part of Ireland" is not approved, would not be "beneficial to the peace of the country." Another "gentleman . . . connected with some of the best families in this country, would be of great service in Ireland." . . . Lord Burghersh is requested to lose no time in exerting all his "private influence at Rome to have this appointment made."

"I should think," concludes the Duke, "that the authorities at Rome will see that the interests of religion coincide with the political interests of the State, in rendering it desirable that gentlemen selected for the performance of episcopal duties of a spiritual nature in Ireland should be well disposed towards the State, and such as the Government can approve of."

This letter may be commended to the student of Irish politics, and especially to those who fear that the power of Rome may be increased when Ireland becomes a free nation.

#### MR. GOSSE'S CRITICISMS.

"Portraits and Sketches." By EDMUND GOSSE. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)

Mr. Gosse reads a little curiously and exotically, because he is the representative of accepted valuations in the past history of literature. "It is less entertaining," he says, "to dwell exclusively on the verses of a poet, and exclusively on the incidents of his life, than to attempt the more complicated study of these elements in inter-relation to one another, as has been done, only too rarely, in the best critical biographies. . . . This, I confess, is what I like best in a critical biography, and it is what I have attempted to produce." That is the method of Fuller and Dr. Johnson, and even Coleridge's estimate of Shakespeare, the heritage of an era of the subjective in critical and creative work, is modelled upon a sub-conscious recognition of this principle. In an age, therefore, when the men of letters—even the journalists—are prophets, it is natural to regard Mr. Gosse, equipped for his task with a definite idea, and an idea modelled upon the best critical traditions, as a kind of Saul. The impression is accentuated by his manner. Here are no hurried affinities, no lightning conversions. By habit of mind, he is the critic, partly because he possesses the qualities of relying on his own judgments; partly because he is pre-eminently the spectator, and avoids identification with the person or the thing observed. The value of such detachment is obvious. Mr. Gosse simply sketches, grouping his material in such a way that it shall always be appropriate. Because of this, his portraits reveal the man and thread his mind. A good example is his sketch of "Orion" Horne, the hero of the farthing epic, and a singularly whimsical personality. Horne has been dismissed by posterity as a satellite of Mrs. Browning. In reality he is a twinkling and roguish star, "not quite so fair as many are," but quite independent and self-justified. And Mr. Gosse has done what all the King's critics could not do—put him in his place again.

"He himself, with his incredible mixture of affectation and fierceness, humor and absurdity, enthusiasm and ignorance, with his incoherency of appearance, at once so effeminate and so muscular, was better than all his tales. He was a combination of the troubadour and the prize-fighter, on a miniature scale. It was impossible not to think of a curly white poodle when one looked at him, especially when he would throw his fat little person on a sofa, and roll about, with gestures less dignified than were, perhaps, ever before seen in a poet of between seventy and eighty years of age. And yet he had a fine, buoyant spirit, and a generous imagination with it all. But the oddity of it all, alas! is what lingers in the memory—those milky ringlets, that extraordinary turn of the head, that embrace of the beribboned guitar."

Horne himself would have loved this, for he revelled in being a ridiculous creature. The essay on Swinburne is the most ambitious and intimate in the volume. It contains some unpublished data relative to Swinburne's life at Etretat, and his personal habits and opinions. But the impression is that, as a man, he was somewhat ludicrous. Of course he was; but in so painting him, Mr. Gosse shows the limitations of his own critical method. It is a little parched, a little medical, a little dehumanised.

Mr. Gosse has something to say of the Continental men of letters of this and the previous generation. Here the man is more subordinate to his work; the estimate of André Gide being directed almost entirely to a careful analysis of "*La Porte Etroite*," and that of Carl Snoilsky to a view of his significance in the revival of Swedish literature in the 'seventies and 'eighties. Mr. Gosse indeed may have shut his ears to "the megaphone" of the twentieth century, but they are well tuned to catch the mellowness of the symphonies of the past.

#### COLOR AND OUTLINE.

"Fortitude." By HUGH WALPOLE. (Secker. 6s.)

ON page 474, Mr. Walpole's hero, Peter, confesses to the dying woman who has cared for him: "I'd wanted to make something out of life, and I suppose the easiest way seemed to me to make it romantic. . . . Things were hard, so I made them into a story—I colored them up." And Peter's word may not inappropriately stand as a verdict on Mr.



# President Poincaré

President Poincaré, in a striking Preface to F. Garcia-Calderon's important book **LATIN AMERICA: Its Rise and Progress**, says: "Here is a book that should be read and digested by everyone interested in the future of the Latin genius. It is written by a young Peruvian diplomatist. It is full of life and of thought. History, politics, economic and social science, literature, philosophy—M. Calderon is familiar with all and touches upon all with competence and without pedantry."

**Latin America: Its Rise and Progress.** By F. GARCIA-CALDERON. With a Preface by RAYMOND POINCARÉ, a Map and 34 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net (post free, 10s. 11d.) South American Series.

## "A New Cobbett"

"The Tyranny of the Countryside," suitably illustrated, is by F. E. Green, who may be described as a new Cobbett—only with less anger and more sorrow. . . . Its thesis is that the English countryside is dead or dying under a grinding social tyranny that has had no match in its perfection of imperfection since the world began."—*The Daily News*. "The book should be read by everyone interested in the land question. Mr. Green carries conviction in every page."—*Everyman*.

**The Tyranny of the Countryside.** By F. E. GREEN. Illustrated. Large Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net (post free, 5s. 4d.)

## "The Canadian Kipling"

"Much of Mr. Service's verse has a touch of real originality, conveying as it does a just impression of the something evil and askew in the strange, uncouth wildness of the High North, and his 'Spell of the Yukon' can never be left out of any anthology of Canadian verse. The Stevensonian cunning with which the dialect and intonation of the actual Westerner is suggested, shows that the author is a true literary artist."—*The Times*.

### LIST OF WORKS BY ROBERT W. SERVICE.

- |                                      |   |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| 1. <b>Songs of A Sourdough</b>       | Second Impression. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net (post free, 3s. 9d.). |
| 2. <b>The Ballads of A Cheechako</b> | Third Impression. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net (post free, 3s. 9d.).  |
| 3. <b>Rhymes of A Rolling Stone</b>  | Just published. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net (post free, 3s. 9d.).    |

THE BEST SELLING NOVELS IN OXFORD DURING JANUARY  
were

## The Knave of Diamonds

By ETHEL M. DELL. 25th Thousand. 6s.

## The Way of an Eagle

By ETHEL M. DELL. 14th Impression. 6s.

SEE LIST OF BEST SELLING BOOKS IN "THE DAILY GRAPHIC" OF FEBRUARY 4th.

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS AND LIBRARIES.

**T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON.**

Walpole's achievement. The easiest way of writing a novel is to "color things up"; the hardest is to show things in their true color and form. "Fortitude" is a curious example of the mixing of two methods—the romantic and the realistic—and one, moreover, that explains why so many English novelists and artists reap and do not survive ephemeral popularity.

Undoubtedly, the great public much prefers things to be "colored up," and made thrilling and alluring by the liberal use of the generous-laden brush. We should have had no occasion to quarrel with Mr. Walpole had his purpose been, like Ibsen's in "Peer Gynt," to exhibit the processes of the romantic temperament and analyse its driving force and peculiar temptations. There are so many fine passages in "Fortitude" inspired by the spirit of justifiable romance, that were its artistic basis that of a "Boy's History," as the author declares at the eleventh hour, "Fortitude" might have been a notable novel indeed. But, unfortunately, false and true strands are so interwoven in its fabric that its creator, as artist, would seem to have succumbed to the same romantic pitfall that entrapped his adventurous hero.

The spirit of what we have termed justifiable romance is most in evidence in the earlier chapters; and with reason, for a child's perceptions are so much the prey of his passionate experiences that often he lives in a world of actual romance, accessible to the spectacle and interplay of all the forces, natural and human, that move around him. A coat hanging on the wall in shadow may thus evoke more genuine terror in a child's soul than murder in a mature man's. The first nine chapters, in which we see young Peter Westcott making friends with fisher and farm-folk in the old Cornish inn, "The Bending Mule"; being cruelly whipped by his lustful father in Scaw House for staying out late; fighting his way through the unclean boarding-school purgatory of Dawson's; penetrating the mystery of his invalid mother's isolation and his father's delight in torturing weaker natures; all this and many accessory scenes are well and strongly wrought out of a sensitive youth's experiences, bodily and spiritual, and any perfervid exaggerations we naturally charge to the heated workings of a boy's imagination. When, however, Peter, now adolescent, escapes his father and the "crawling devilry" of Scaw House, and finds a situation in the mysterious London bookshop of the enigmatic Mr. Zanti, we look more sharply at the characters introduced to us, and find they fall into sharp categories—the real and the unreal. Nearly all that relates to Peter's life at the bookshop near Trafalgar Square is highly factitious. The shop serves as a screen and rendezvous for a fantastic collection of foreign anarchists, though Peter does not come to realise this for seven years! And at the critical moment, on the day of Royal processions, when the big, mysterious Russian, Oblotzky, throws a bomb at the Queen and blows himself to bits, who should turn up as an accessory to the plot but Peter's old friend, the big Cornish farmer, Stephen Brant, who forthwith takes him in tow for some scenes of romantic poverty in the East-End.

All this, and, indeed, the middle portion of the novel, are garish "romance," palpably fabricated to bring together out of the past the characters who are to mould Peter's fortunes. Thus we find Peter's old school friend, Bobby Galleon, turning up in the nick of time, and bearing him off to Chelsea from the East-End slum where he has drifted with the ingenuous Stephen. The unreality of the bookshop atmosphere, and of Mr. Zanti, a half-real Dickensian figure, is partly veiled by the far more convincing picture of the Bloomsbury boarding-house, in which Peter writes the novel, "Reuben Hallard," which brings him fame galore, a house where he meets the two women, Norah Monogue, his good angel, and Clare Rossiter, whom he is to marry. But the futility of mixing two artistic methods—the romantic and the realistic—becomes plain, and when the two sets of characters meet and exchange greetings on a common stage, Stephen Brant, Zanti, the wicked father, Mr. Westcott, *et hoc genus*, fade away like phantoms at cock-crow, when the necessities of the plot bring them within hail of the simple-hearted Bobby Galleon, Miss Monogue, Clare Rossiter, and her unpleasant mother. Nor are things mended by the fact that the hero's identity serves as a battle-ground between the contending forces of real and sham experiences. The unreal Peter is the man who is

having things "colored up" to give us a delectable thrill, but there is also another Peter, with his youthful selfishness and habit of posing to himself, who is human enough. Strip the story of its husk of romantic accessories, and there remains a sound nutty kernel of reality. In Book III, "The Roundabout," when we see Peter, a rising young novelist, happily married to the spoilt, highly-strung Clare, and snugly ensconced in a neat little house in Sloane Street, the satire on the social amenities of a Kensington literary and artistic coterie is telling. In Clare herself, with her talent for being "in the movement," and her bright instinct for success, Mr. Walpole has caught cleverly the ideal feminine horizon of Chelsea. The story of how the two young married people fall out over the baby, whose sudden death further estranges them, would have been effectively real if Peter's devotion to the child were not tainted by an affected pose dear to the modern young man. Here Mr. Walpole fails in psychological analysis, as also in the impressive scene where Peter finds Clare's note, which tells him that she has run away to Paris with his fascinating friend, Cardillac. The bias of the "romantic temperament" springs to light in this and other passages, where the author writes, not from his sensations, but from imagination of his emotions, a very different thing. In the finish, when we are reintroduced to the wicked father and the evil atmosphere of Scaw House, Mr. Walpole makes a gallant attempt to preserve the romantic mysteries intact, but these rather battered properties look painty in the cold daylight.

If one is asked: Why criticise unkindly a novel that is obviously designed to keep one's imagination on the stretch? the answer is simple enough. In "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill," Mr. Walpole has done work of a higher class, artistically, than in "Fortitude," and there are many passages in his last book which prove that he has it in him to do far finer work still.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

##### The Monthlies.

THE chief political articles in the monthly reviews for February include "Freemen Need no Guardians" by President Woodrow Wilson, "The Nemesis of Tariff Reform" by "Autonomous," "Austria, Disturber of the Peace" by "Fabricius," and "The Anti-Imperialism of Imperialists" by Mr. Sydney Brooks in "The Fortnightly Review"; "The Canadian Naval Question" by Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P., "Rusticus Expectans" by Mr. E. N. Bennett, and "The Foreign-Political Department of the Government of India" by Mr. C. E. Banbury in "The Contemporary Review"; "The Unionist Party and Preference" by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, "A Nation in Arms" by Mr. Frank Fox, and "Australia and Imperial Naval Defence" by Mr. F. M. Cutlack in "The National Review." Other articles deserving attention are "The Wounded" by Mr. Noel Buxton, M.P., "The Patriotism of Humanity" by Sir Francis Younghusband, and "Women and War" by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart in "The Contemporary"; "Phonetics and Poetry" by Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie in "The English Review"; "The Competition Wallah" by Mr. Fielding Hall, and "Greek Drama and the Dance" by G. Warre-Cornish in "The Fortnightly"; "A Great Artist and His Little Critics" by Sir William Richmond, and "The Early Years of Madame Royale" by Mr. Austin Dobson in "The National Review."

#### The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. January 31.	Price Friday morning. February 7.
Consols ... ..	75	74½
Midland Deferred ... ..	72½	74½
Mexican Railway Ordinary ... ..	55	54½
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896 ... ..	100½	100½
Union Pacific ... ..	165	164
Russian 5 p.c., 1896 ... ..	103½	104
Turkish Unified ... ..	85	86½

THE Stock Exchange was naturally disappointed at the failure of the peace negotiations; but a general belief that the Turks would soon yield prevented any general collapse of prices. The City is more concerned about the tightness of the Money Market and high rates than about foreign

**Mr. Murray's New Books.****Prof. Dicey and the Home Rule Bill.  
A FOOL'S PARADISE.**

Being a Constitutionalist's Criticism on  
the Home Rule Bill of 1912.

By A. V. DICEY, K.C., Hon. D.C.L.

2s. 6d. net. Ready on Tuesday next.

**THE "NOVIK."**

A Record of the services of a Russian cruiser in the  
actions off Port Arthur; of her escape northwards and  
destruction by the Japanese in La Perouse Straits. By  
Lieut. Steer. 3s. 6d. net.

**ADMIRAL LORD ST. VINCENT.**

By Captain WALTER V. ANSON, R.N. Illustrated.  
10s. 6d. net. "A biography of one of the finest sailors  
who ever trod a quarter-deck, one whom Nelson  
looked up to as a master."

**RIVAL FRENCH COURTS.**

A Waiting Woman's Chronicle of Life at Versailles, at  
Sceaux and in the Bastille in the Eighteenth Century.  
By Mdle. LOMBARDINI. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

**THE GALLANT WAY.**

Patriotic Poetry by FRANK TAYLOR. 2s. 6d. net.

**EDEN PHILLPOTTS' NOVEL**

Entitled "WIDECOMBE FAIR" will be ready on  
Tuesday next. Price 6s.

London: JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

THE  
**CONTEMPORARY  
REVIEW.**

FEBRUARY, 1913.

Price 2s. 6d.

The February number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW  
Contains the following articles:—

- THE WOUNDED. By NOEL BUXTON, M.P.  
THE CANADIAN NAVAL QUESTION. By HAMAR GREENWOOD, M.P.  
THE PATRIOTISM OF HUMANITY. By SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, K.C.I.E.  
PRESIDENT POINCARÉ. By LAURENCE JERROLD.  
"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA" AND THE CRITICS. By EDWARD GARNETT.  
RUSTICUS EXPECTANS. By E. N. BENNETT.  
THE QUESTION OF THE WAR CORRESPONDENT. By FRANCIS McCULLAGH.  
THE FOREIGN-POLITICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA. By C. E. BUNBURY, C.S.I.  
WOMEN AND WAR. By MRS. ST. CLAIR STOBART.  
THE THEOLOGICAL REVOLUTION AND THE AVERAGE MAN. By the REV. E. S. WATERHOUSE.  
SOME COMPENSATIONS OF AGE. By M. M. PATTISON MUIR.  
A PIONEER MISSION IN SIBERIA. By the BISHOP OF NORTH AND CENTRAL EUROPE.  
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By Dr. E. J. DILLON  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

LONDON:  
THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW COMPANY, LIMITED,  
10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

**Macmillan's New Books.**

**Letters of Lord Acton to Mary,**  
daughter of the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE.  
With Additional Letters. Edited, with an Introductory  
Memoir, by HERBERT PAUL. Illustrated. New Edition.  
8vo. 10s. net. [Tuesday.]

Third Impression.

**Foundations.** A Statement of Christian Belief  
in Terms of Modern Thought. By SEVEN OXFORD MEN:  
B. H. Streeter, R. Brook, W. H. Moberly, R. G. Parsons,  
A. E. J. Rawlinson, N. S. Talbot, W. Temple. 8vo.  
10s. 6d. net.

**Socialism from the Christian  
Standpoint.**

Ten Conferences. By Father  
BERNARD VAUGHAN, S.J. With Portrait. Extra  
Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d. net.

Daily Telegraph.—"Though it is little likely that many  
Socialists will be converted by Father Vaughan's arguments from  
their ideals to those of the Roman Catholic Church, his book will  
be found interesting and suggestive by many readers who are not  
Socialists."

**Buddhism and Science.** By PAUL  
DAHLKE, Author of "Buddhist Essays." Translated  
from the German by the BHIKKHU SILĀCĀRA. 8vo.  
7s. 6d. net.

The Times.—"Dr. Dahlke's exposition . . . deserves the  
close attention of students of Buddhist thought."

**Death and the Princess.** A Morality.  
By FRANCIS CORNFORD. 8vo. sewed, 2s. net.

Scotsman.—"It is a gracefully composed morality."

**Modern War and Peace.** A Lecture  
delivered to The Cambridge University War and Peace  
Society, December 2, 1912. By VISCOUNT ESHER,  
G.C.B. Sewed, 1s. net.

Athenæum.—"All that he says on the subject is worth reading,  
for he is thoughtful and not devoted to mere fireworks."

Scotsman.—"An interesting, suggestive essay upon the argu-  
ments most closely associated with the name of Mr. Norman  
Angell."

**An Introduction to Eugenics.**

By W. C. D. WHETHAM, M.A., F.R.S., and CATHERINE  
D. WHETHAM. Sewed, 1s. net.

The Lancet.—"Those who desire to enter on the study of  
Eugenics . . . would do well to take the first steps under the  
guidance of 'An Introduction to Eugenics.' . . . This ad-  
mirably concise yet explicit little pamphlet."

The Oxford Magazine.—"An excellent short account of the  
works of Galton, and of the methods and results of the statistical  
study of heredity."

MACMILLAN & CO., Ltd., LONDON.

**The Road to Health**

is paved with Good Digestion.

**BRAGG'S CHARCOAL**

purifies the system and is invaluable for INDIGESTION, Flatulence,  
Acidity, Heartburn, Impure Breath, and Diarrhoea. Recommended  
by Doctors. Of all Chemists & Stores. Biscuits, 1/-, 2/- & 4/- tin;  
Powder, 2/- & 4/- per bottle; Lozenges, 1/1½ tin; Capsules, 2/- per box  
J. L. BRAGG, LTD., 14, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

**EVANS' ANTISEPTIC  
THROAT****PASTILLES  
for Throat & Voice.**

Eulogised in Testimonials from thousands,  
including the greatest Preachers, Public  
Speakers, Singers, Actors, etc.

So'd in 1/- and 4/6 boxes by all chemists.  
All genuine Evans' Pastilles  
are marked with a star.

Sole Manufacturers—  
EVANS SONS, LEBCHER & WEBB, Ltd.  
Liverpool & London.

Free sample on receipt of penny postage and name  
of this paper



affairs. The good relations between England and Germany create confidence. On the other hand, it is now obvious that the capital markets of England and France will be heavily drawn upon. The Bulgarians, it is said, want to raise a 24 million loan. The Servians and Greeks will probably require at least 12 millions apiece. Turkey is put down for 25 millions. The same sum is required by China, though the refusal of France to agree to the appointment of a German financial controller has produced another hitch in the Six Power Group's negotiations. The position of Japanese investors is causing some searchings of heart; for Prince Katsura is evidently unpopular, and there is some doubt as to whether his appeal to the country will be successful. His financial proposals are highly satisfactory, and if he could carry out his programme, the decline of Japanese credit would probably be arrested. The speeches of our London bankers testify to the general excellence of trade; but Lord Faber of Leeds has uttered a warning note. He does not like either the high rate of money or the high price of raw materials, and he cautions us against over-investment in Canada, which country, he considers, has been borrowing far too fast. Considering that he is not only a great man among the country bankers, but also chairman of the "Yorkshire Post," his outspoken words in favor of Free Trade are of high significance, and are, perhaps, as important as the action of Lord Derby in Lancashire. The worst news of the week comes from Vienna, where more heavy failures have occurred. One cannot help fearing that trade may soon fall away in Germany, as she is greatly dependent upon both Austria and Russia; and both these leading customers are now suffering from mobilisation as well as from banking and commercial troubles. Fortunately, British trade is still at full swing, and India, Argentina, Canada, Australia, &c., may make up for any decline of Continental custom. Besides, there is a growing belief that Woodrow Wilson will be able to knock a lot of stones off the Payne-Aldrich tariff wall; so that in a year's time we may hope for a big development of trade with the United States. I must add that recent news from Mexico has been bad, and has caused considerable selling of Mexican securities. There seems to be no way of pacifying the country.

#### THE SCOTTISH DIVIDENDS.

THE Scottish Railways seem to have suffered more heavily than the English lines from increased expenses in the second half of 1912, for the dividend announcements are by no means brilliant. The Caledonian is the best on the surface, for the rate of distribution is increased by  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. per annum, but this has only been done by cutting down the appropriation to reserve by £50,000, and the carry forward by £25,000. The 1911 figures, however, included the special demurrage arrears awarded by the Courts, so that the results on the whole, are about what might have been expected. To show the returns on the Scottish stocks, the yields on the new dividends, together with past prices, are set out below:—

	Dividends.			Prices.		Yield	
	1910	1911	1912	High.	Low.		
Caledonian pref. con. ord.	3	3	3	62	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 3 0
Ditto defd. ord. ...	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	20	2 0 0
North British pref. ord. ...	3	3	3	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	59 $\frac{1}{2}$	60 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 1 0
Ditto defd. ord. ...	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 8 0
Glasgow & S.W. pref. ord.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	59 $\frac{1}{2}$	55	56	4 10 0
Ditto defd. ord.	2	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	45 $\frac{1}{2}$	40 $\frac{1}{2}$	44	5 8 0
Gt. N. of Scotland pref. ord.	3	3	3	59	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	58	5 4 0
Ditto defd. ord.	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	$\frac{1}{2}$	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	17	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 10 0
Highland ord. ...	2	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	42 $\frac{1}{2}$	38	39 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 15 0

The dividends in this table are those paid for the complete years, so that the Caledonian's increase only compensates for the reduction in the summer, at the end of the coal strike period. Caledonian Preferred Ordinary is not an unattractive investment, for though the rate paid on the Deferred is very low, the sum required to pay it is considerable, and the margin is, therefore, quite good. Distributions of late years, too, have been on a conservative basis, so that the security is really better than appears to be the case.

#### THE CHINESE LOAN.

It was announced at the beginning of the week that the agreement for the loan to China, for the purpose of carrying on the Government and generally of putting the new Republic in funds, had been completed. The title of the

loan is the "Chinese Government 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  per Cent. Reorganisation Gold Loan of 1913." Its amount was stated to be £25,000,000, wholly secured by the Salt Gabelle, subject to previous loans. There is to be no interference with the salt administration while principle and interest are regularly paid; but if there should be default, then the salt organisation should be operated by the Maritime Customs. The issuing group agreed to advance £2,000,000 at once, and the remainder as soon as bonds can be issued; but if the issue is delayed by unfavorable conditions of any kind, a further two or three millions sterling will be advanced within a month or so. The loan is to run for fifty years, repayment beginning in the sixteenth year. The price of issue in London will be not less than 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ , at which price the bonds would yield £5 14s. per cent. This is a much higher return than that of the Crisp Loan; the terms of the Six-Power Group, in fact, cost China over  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. more per annum in interest. On Wednesday it was stated that France had objected to the appointment of Herr Romp, a German who has been nominated to one of the three advisory posts created by the Six-Power Group. The other Powers had acquiesced in the appointment. The hitch is important, not only from the point of view of European politics, but from that of China, because the Chinese New Year ended on February 6th, on which day many uncollected debts are automatically cancelled. Consequently, trouble is occurring among the unpaid soldiers of the Republic, the remedy adopted for which is apparently the simple one of executing these creditors who, until now, have been the chief support of the new régime.

#### BANKING PROGRESS.

The reports of two of the most important banks of the country—namely, the London County and Westminster and the National Provincial—show that between them they hold £147,000,000 of deposits. The County and Westminster, as is well known, was formed four years ago by the amalgamation of the London and County with the London and Westminster, and runs a close race with two others for the first place as regards size among British banks. Its deposits are now nearly eighty-two millions. The National Provincial ranks next to these three with deposits of 65 $\frac{1}{2}$  millions. The County and Westminster's profits for the year reached the huge total of £1,055,479, of which £743,750 was distributed in a dividend of 21 $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., less tax, on the paid-up capital of £3,500,000, the balance, £311,729, being applied in writing down investments, the cost of premises, and increasing the balance carried forward. The National Provincial's profits were £739,129, of which £540,000 was used for the 18 per cent. dividend, less tax, on the paid-up capital of £3,000,000. Against its deposits, the County and Westminster holds cash in hand, with the Bank of England and money at call and short notice, of £21,671,792, or 26 $\frac{1}{6}$  per cent. of the deposits. The corresponding item in the National Provincial's figures is £17,279,916, but a larger proportion of it consists of cash in hand and with the Bank of England. Its ratio to deposits is 26 $\frac{1}{3}$  per cent.; but as the deposits include the rebate on bills and the provision for bad debts and contingencies, the ratio to actual deposits is higher than this.

LUCELLUM.



### For general use

The "Allenburys" Diet is a complete and easily digested Food. It is pleasant to take, readily assimilated and speedily restorative. Whilst helping the system to recover its tone and vigour, it forms an ideal food for general use. Prepared from rich milk and whole wheat in a partially predigested form. Made in a minute—add boiling water only.

Of Chemists,  
1/6 & 3/-  
per tin



Large Sample sent for 3d. stamps

D.A. Allen & Hauburys Ltd., Lombard Street, E.C.



# A TON OF COAL for 2/6

*Its cost a box of Seldonite  
Abundantly repays:  
In every hundredweight of coal  
A hundredweight it saves.*

"Seldonite" (so called after the discoverer, Prof. Frank Seldon) DOUBLES the heating and lasting power of Coal, Slack, or Coke. It makes one scuttleful of cheap Coal go as far and give as good a heat as two scuttlefuls of the best Coal do in the ordinary way. It can be applied without any trouble to all Coal, Slack, or Coke in a few moments, and Coal which has once been "Seldonised" retains its double strength for any length of time. "Seldonite" also ensures greater cleanliness and comfort, because your Coal will burn to fine ashes with a complete absence of soot.

## "SELDONITE" IS CONCENTRATED HEAT.

If you use only one ton of Coal per month, "Seldonite" will save you more than £4 in the winter. It is guaranteed to be perfectly harmless, does not smell or smoke, and gives a bright, beautiful, intensely hot fire. "Seldonite" can be used easily in the smallest household, flat, or apartment, as well as in the largest factory, and its money-saving effect is equally great, whether for kitchen, grate, oven, copper, or furnace.

AS A SPECIAL INDUCEMENT to encourage you to convince yourself of the marvellous efficiency of this Coal-improver, the Sole Licensees have decided to send, post free, a full-size 4/- box (sufficient to treat one ton of Coal, Slack, or Coke), with full directions, to all readers for only 2/6, provided the order and remittance is received within the next few days.

## 5 BOXES POST FREE, FOR ONLY 10s.

Beware of imitations, which are useless. Write to-day, enclosing P.O. for 2s. 6d. or 10s. to the Sole Licensees—

"SELDONITE" LABORATORIES, Dept. 103, HOLBORN HALL, LONDON, W.C.

Orders for "Seldonite" have recently been received from DOWAGER COUNTESS OF GUILFORD, VISCOUNT COMBERMERE, LADY ANGIE, LADY L. WEMYSS, LADY HARRIET WARDE, LADY BROWNLOW, CECIL, SIR S. PONSONBY, HON. MRS. SIDNEY PONSONBY, HON. R. HENLEY EDEN, ADMIRAL SIR JAMES BRUCE, COL. LEIR, COL. BUTLIN, CAPT. RICHMOND, CAPT. WEBB, REV. JOHN M. MILLER (Symington), REV. AMEX. WALKER (Millport), COMR. C. STRICKLAND, R.N. (Plymouth), THE MOTHER SUPERIOR (House of Retreat, London), ST. EDITH HOME FOR GIRLS, REV. D. LEWIS (Llanon), REV. C. WILSON (Arklow), REV. T. T. TAYLOR (Chelmsford), REV. CANON WILSON-BROWN (Bury St. Edmunds), REV. DR. L. WILLIAMS (Royston), REV. BANFIELD (Hertingfordbury).



By Appointment  
Makers to  
T.M. the King  
and Queen.

## Very much liked

Old and young alike find the flavour of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa delicious. The high standard of quality maintained by Elect Cocoa, and the care and cleanliness with which it is made, render it a very desirable addition to almost any meal. It is so pure, wholesome, nourishing and digestible that it may with advantage be given to children, and in many cases to invalids.

# Rowntree's Elect Cocoa

H446

# BENGER'S FOOD

is primarily a nutritive food for those suffering from digestive debility, or during severe illness, and convalescence. But a course of Benger's Food is also of the greatest advantage to those enjoying the best of health. Benger's Food is different from any other food obtainable—it can be served prepared to suit the exact physical condition of the person for whom it is intended.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.



## E. RAY

THE OPEN  
GOLF CHAMPION,

writes:  
58, Lower Paddock Road,  
Oxhey, Watford,  
Herts.

July 24th, 1912

Messrs. F. & J. Smith,

Dear Sirs,

I might say that I have been a regular smoker of your Glasgow Mixture for the last twelve years, and I might also say that I cannot find any tobacco to suit me like it. In my opinion if Golf Players would smoke your famous Glasgow Mixture they would find it very soothing to the Nerves, as I am sure I do when having to play strenuous Golf matches such as the Open Championship, etc.

Yours truly, E. RAY.

# SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE

Sold in three strengths—MILD, MEDIUM & FULL  
5d. per oz. 10d. per 2 oz. 1/8 per 1/4-lb.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded free on application.

F. & J. Smith, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Gt. Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.



OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

## THACKERAY HOTEL

Great Russell Street, London.

NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

## KINGSLEY HOTEL

Hart Street, Bloomsbury Square, London.

Passenger Lifts, Bathrooms on every Floor.  
Leunges and Spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading,  
Billiard and Smoking Rooms.

Perfect Sanitation. Fireproof Floors. Telephones. Night Porters.

Bedroom Attendance and Table d'Hôte  
Breakfast, Single, from 5/6 to 7/6.

Table d'Hôte Dinner, 6 Courses, 3/-

FULL TARIFF AND TESTIMONIALS ON APPLICATION.

Telegraphic Addresses { Thackeray Hotel—"Thackeray, London."  
Kingsley Hotel—"Bookcraft, London."

### LONDON.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTELS. J. B. WILD, C.C., Man.  
Direc., 30-40, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

### ABERYSTWYTH.

ABERYSTWYTH HYDRO HOTEL. Facing Sea. Bracing air.  
Electric and Sea-water Baths.

### BELFAST.

IMPERIAL HOTEL. Most centrally situated. Spacious showrooms.

### AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE.  
Sun Lounge. Every form of Bath.

### BOURNEMOUTH.

THE QUEEN, Bath Road. Miss Tye.  
Central. Board and Residence, 35/6 to 3 guineas weekly.

THE CARLTON, East Cliff. First-Class Residential Establishment.  
Uninterrupted Sea Views. Facing South. Meals at separate  
tables. Night porter. Tel. 440.

NEWLYN'S (Royal Exeter) Hotel. Close Pier; 1st-Class; moderate.

SILVER HOW. Boarding Est. West Cliff Gdns. From 30/- week.

### BRIDPORT (Near West Bay), DORSET.

BOARD RESIDENCE. Every Comfort. 10, West St., Bridport.

### BRIGHTON.

ROYAL YORK HOTEL. H. J. Preston.

THE HOTEL METROPOLE. E. Richard, Manager.

### BUXTON.

HADDON HALL HYDRO LTD. 'Phone 4. J. Little.

### DEAL.

BEACH HOUSE HOTEL. S. R. Jefferson.

### EDINBURGH.

ROYAL HOTEL (MacGregor's). Scotland's leading Hotel.

### FOLKESTONE.

TOYNBEE HALL, 15, Langeborne Gardens. Board and Residence.  
Miss Brett and Miss Randall.

### GREAT YARMOUTH.

SAVOY HOTEL. Most central. Eng. meat. Pop. prices. Tel. 412. P. Rogers

### GREAT YELDHAM—ESSEX.

THE WHITE HART HOTEL. Proprietor, W. Pearl.

### ILFRACOMBE.

COLLINGWOOD PRIVATE HOTEL. 120 rooms. Facing Sea.

### LEEDS.

HOTEL METROPOLE. 2 minutes' walk from either station.

### LLANELLY.

CLEVELAND HOTEL. J. T. Weaver.

### LYNTON (Devon).

ROYAL CASTLE FAMILY HOTEL. Grounds 9 acres.

### MALVERN.

HARDWICKE PRIVATE HOTEL. Prop. & Manager, J. Wilson.  
KNOTSFORD. Supr. apte. Elec. light. Prop. C. Bartter. Tel. 182.

### MATLOCK.

ROCKSIDE HYDRO. Tennis, Bowls, &c. Nr. Golf Links (18 holes).

SMEDLEY'S HYDRO Establishment. Estab. 1853. H. Challand.

### MOFFAT.

MOFFAT HYDRO, Dumfriesshire. Finest in Scotland. Golf  
(18 holes), Tennis, Croquet, Garage. Terms, from £2 12s. 6d.

### PENTRE.

PENTRE HOTEL, Rhondda. Tel. No. P.O. 30. W. H. Miles.

### QUEENSTOWN.

IMPERIAL HOTEL. Most comfortable and up-to-date. A. Paten.

### SILLOTH-ON-SOLWAY.

SILLOTH HYDRO. A small, homely establishment. Baths,  
massage. Send for Prospectus. C. Hawkins, Proprietor.

GOLF HOTEL. First-class family hotel. Garage and stabling.  
'Phone 8 Silloth. W. Dyer, Proprietor and Manager.

### SLATEFORD.

EDINBURGH HYDROPATHIC. On Craiglockhart Hill.  
Beautiful scenery, walks, and drives. Trams to City, 2d.

### SOUTHPORT.

BOWNTREE'S CAFE, Lord St., Hot Luncheons, Af'noon Teas. Tel. 647.

KENWORTHY'S HYDRO. Near Pier and Lord St. Lounge, lift,  
120 bedrooms; Turkish, elec., etc., baths. Tel. 60. Wires  
"Kenworthy's." Prospectus, Managers.

### SWANSEA.

HOTEL CAMERON. Tel. 921. Garage. Palm Court, Grill,  
and electric lift. For terms apply Manager.

### TENBY.

BELGRAVE HOTEL, South Shore. Overlooking Golf Links.  
Mrs. K. W. Hicks.

### WHITBY.

WEST CLIFF PRIVATE HOTEL. Mrs. T. Newbitt.

### WORCESTER.

HARRISON'S VICTORIA HOTEL, Broad St., 1st-Class Temp. Tel. 212.

## NOTICE.

LONDON POSITIVIST SOCIETY, Essex Hall, Essex Street, 7.  
Mr. H. Ellis. "The French Revolution," "The Constitutional Monarchy."

## TO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.

KYNOCH, LIMITED.  
have VACANCIES in their Commercial Departments for a few young  
Gentlemen of good education and manners. No premium required.  
Term of indentures four years—Apply, by letter only, to the Secretary,  
Kynoch, Limited, Wotton, Nr. Birmingham.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE

**RED  
WHITE  
& BLUE**

Delicious for Breakfast & after Dinner.  
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being so  
much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.



## EDUCATIONAL.

## RESEARCH FELLOWSHIP FOR WOMEN.

SOMERVILLE COLLEGE offers this year a Fellowship (resident) for research in Classics, Mathematics, Philosophy, History, Economics, or Natural Science. Annual value about £120; normal tenure five years (renewable). Apply for further particulars to MISS DARBISHIRE, The Grey House, Boar's Hill, Oxford. Names, with evidence for fitness, to be sent in by March 1st.

## THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

Entrance Scholarship Examination in March.

Affiliated Preparatory School, "Caldicott," Hitchin.

## LEIGHTON PARK (near Reading)

A Boarding School, under the management of the Society of Friends, for Boys of from 12 to 19 years.

Extensive grounds, high above the Thames Valley.

Headmaster - - - C. I. EVANS, M.A., Oxon.

BADMINTON HOUSE,  
CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Founded 1869.  
Head Mistress: Miss B. M. BAKER, B.A. (London),  
(Successor to Miss Bartlett.)

## BROMSGROVE SCHOOL, WORCESTERSHIRE.

Chairman of Trustees, VISCOUNT COBHAM. Head Master, R. G. ROUTH, M.A. Master of Preparatory School, A. H. DAVIS, M.A.  
Entrance Scholarships annually in July.  
For Prospectus apply Headmaster.

TETTENHALL COLLEGE,  
STAFFORDSHIRE.

Headmaster (Designate): ALFRED H. ANGUS, B.Sc.

Most healthily situated, 500 feet above sea-level.  
Classical and Commercial Education on Public School lines.  
Modern methods.

For illustrated prospectus apply to the Headmaster or to the Secretary.

THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF THE  
Saturday Westminster

will contain, in addition to the usual features:—

THE PRICE OF GOLF BALLS.

By Horace Hutchinson.

A Short Story.

"LADY GLANTWORTH'S WINTER SPORTS."

By Mrs. George Norman.

A BOX OF PAPERS.—No. IV.

Set out by H. F. Westlake.

Special Reviews of Jackson's Architecture and  
"The Letters of an Englishman."

PROBLEMS AND PRIZES.

NEW NOVELS.

"F.C.G." CARTOONS.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

GALLERY NOTES.

16 PAGES.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

'Saturday Westminster.'

February 8.

Offices: Salisbury Sq., Fleet St., London, E.C.

## NOTICE.

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies, and subscriptions, should be sent to the Publisher, 10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.

Terms of Subscription, Including Postage:

HOME, 26s. PER ANNUM. FOREIGN, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Cheques should be made payable to THE NATION PUBLISHING CO., LTD., and crossed "National Provincial Bank."


Telephone:—Business: Gerrard 4035.

Editorial: Gerrard 6584.

Telegrams: "Nationetta," Westrand, London.

Canada—The Toronto News Co., 42, Yonge Street, Toronto; The Montreal News Co., 386 and 388, St. James Street, Montreal.

U.S.A.—The International News Co., 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York.



**'PERFECTOS'  
No. 2**  
**Virginia Cigarettes**

Distinguished by a superb delicacy, the result of a matchless blend of the finest Virginia Tobacco, hand-made.

10 FOR 6d. 50 FOR 2/6  
20 " 1/- 100 " 4/9

"PERFECTOS FINOS" are a larger cigarette of the same quality.

John Player & Sons, Nottingham.

P204  
The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Gt. Britain & Ireland) Ltd.

Prudential Assurance Company,  
Ltd.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Invested Funds exceed - - £80,000,000  
Claims Paid - - - £100,000,000

£10 10s. ROME TOUR. Hotels and Return Tickets, short sea route, with extension.  
NAPLES, FLORENCE, VENICE.

DR. HENRY S. LUNN, LTD., 5, Bndaleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

BIBLES,  
PRAYER  
BOOKS, &c.

GEORGE V. EDITIONS.

The Largest Selection in London.

## CHURCH BOOKS

BIBLES WITH APOCRYPHA. PRIEST'S POCKET BIBLES, DAILY SERVICE BOOKS, HYMNS A. & M. with or without Prayer-book.

Catalogue sent post free. Cash discount 3d. in 1s.

THE LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE, 22, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

## The Economist.

(ESTABLISHED 1843.)

Weekly Commercial Times, Bankers' Gazette, and Railway Monitor.

A POLITICAL, LITERARY, FINANCIAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER.

PRICE 3d. By Post, 5d. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, £2 COLONIES AND ABROAD, £2 4s.

The established authority on all Financial and Commercial subjects. In addition to a large high-class general circulation, the ECONOMIST is subscribed to by Banking Houses, Chambers of Commerce, Mercantile Firms, and Railway Insurance, and other Companies throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Abroad; and, as its columns from week to week show, it is the recognised organ for the announcements of some of the most important trades in the Kingdom.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY IN TIME FOR THE MORNING MAIL.

Offices: GRANVILLE HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND, W.C., and of all Booksellers and Newsagents.

# Messrs. METHUEN'S Announcements

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

**THE POEMS OF RUDYARD KIPLING.**  
4 vols. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. 4s. 6d. net each vol.

**THE MIRROR OF THE SEA.** By JOSEPH CONRAD. A New Edition. Fcap 8vo. 5s.

**AS YOU LIKE IT.** Edited by JAMES W. HOLME. Demy 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. [Arden Shakespeare.]

**ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.** Edited by Prof. R. H. CASE. Second and Revised Edition. Demy 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. [Arden Shakespeare.]

**SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.** By SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG. With a Frontispiece in Photogravure and 40 other Illustrations. Wide Royal 8vo, gilt top. 21s. net. [Classics of Art.]

**THE BRITISH SCHOOL: An Anecdotal Guide to the British Painters and Pictures in the National Gallery.** By E. V. LUCAS. With 16 Plates. Fcap 8vo, Round Corners. 2s. 6d. net.

**EARLY ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR.** By C. E. HUGHES. With a Frontispiece in Colour, and 36 other Illustrations. Demy 16mo, gilt top. 2s. 6d. net. [Little Books on Art.]

**OLD PASTE.** By A. BERESFORD RYLEY. With many Illustrations. Royal 4to, gilt top. 42s. net.

**THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE NEAR EAST FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PERSIAN INVASION OF GREECE.** By H. R. HALL, M.A., F.S.A. With 33 Illustrations and 14 Maps. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

**THE SOLDIERS WHOM WELLINGTON LED.** Deeds of Daring, Chivalry, and Renown. By EDWARD FRASER. With 12 Illustrations and 4 Maps. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

**ENGLAND IN THE LATER MIDDLE AGES (1272-1485).** By KENNETH H. VICKERS, M.A., Professor of Modern History in the University of Durham. With Maps. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. [Oman's History of England.]

**ENGLAND SINCE WATERLOO (1815-1900).** By J. A. R. MARRIOTT, Lecturer and Tutor in Modern History and Economics at Worcester College, Oxford. With Maps. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. [Oman's History of England.]

**THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.** By EDWARD GIBBON. Edited, with Notes, Appendices, and Maps, by J. B. BURY, M.A., Litt.D., Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. In seven volumes. With many Illustrations and Maps. Vol. VII. Demy 8vo, gilt top. 10s. 6d. net.

**SELECT STATUTES, CASES, AND DOCUMENTS.** To illustrate English Constitutional History, 1680-1832. By C. GRANT ROBERTSON, M.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. Second and Enlarged Edition. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. [Ready.]

**THE ANCIENT PAINTED GLASS IN ENGLAND, 1170-1500.** By PHILIP NELSON, M.D., Ch.B., F.S.A., Vice-President of the British Numismatic Society. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. [Antiquary's Books.]

**OLD CHURCHWARDENS' ACCOUNTS.** By J. CHARLES COX, LL.D., F.S.A. With many Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. [Antiquary's Books.]

**GOLD, PRICES AND WAGES.** By J. A. HOBSON, Author of "The Problem of the Unemployed." Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

**EUROPE AND THE TURKS.** By NOEL BUXTON, M.P. Second and completely Revised Edition. With 3 Maps and 1 Half-tone Illustration. Crown 8vo, paper covers. 1s. net.

**CROWDS.** By GERALD STANLEY LEE. Author of "Inspired Millionaires." Crown 8vo. 6s.

**INSPIRED MILLIONAIRES.** By GERALD STANLEY LEE, Author of "Crowds." Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

**TRADE UNIONISM.** By HENRY H. SCHLOSSER, Barrister-at-Law, Joint-Author of "The Legal Position of Trade Unions." Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**THE CHRISTIAN TRADITION AND ITS VERIFICATION: The Angus Lecture for 1912.** By T. R. GLOVER, Author of "The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire." Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

**CHRIST AND HIS AGE.** By DOUGLAS G. BROWNE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

**PERSONALITY.** By F. B. JEVONS, D.Litt. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

**THE FAITH OF ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE.** By DAVID ALEC WILSON. Fcap 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

**HEALTH THROUGH DIET.** By KENNETH G. HAIG, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. With the advice and assistance of ALEXANDER HAIG, M.A., M.D. (Oxon). Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

**MATERNITY NURSING.** By Mrs. B. G. MACDONALD, Matron of the Salford Maternity Training School. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

**AVIATION.** By ALGERNON E. BERRIMAN, M.I.A.E., A.F.A.E.S., Technical Editor of "Flight." With 20 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

**THE GOLFING SWING.** By BURNHAM HARR. Fcap 8vo. 1s. net.

**THE COMPLETE HORSEMAN.** By W. SCARTH DIXON. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

**THE STORY OF THE DAVIS CUP.** By A. WALLIS MYERS. Author of "The Complete Lawn Tennis Player." With 6 Illustrations. Fcap 8vo. 1s. net.

**PARIS AND HER TREASURES.** By ETHEL E. BICKNELL. With 64 Illustrations, 2 Plans, and a Map. Fcap 8vo, round corners. 5s. net.

**A LONDONER'S LONDON.** By WILFRED WHITTEN. With 24 Illustrations by FRANK L. EMANUEL. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**RAMBLES IN KENT.** By J. CHARLES COX, LL.D., F.S.A., Author of "Rambles in Surrey." With 24 Illustrations and a Map. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**DURHAM.** By J. E. HODGKIN. With 32 Illustrations, 3 Maps, and 3 Plans. Small Pott 8vo. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net. [Little Guides.]

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.** By WAKELING DRY. With Illustrations and Maps. Revised Edition. Small Pott 8vo. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net. [Little Guides.]

**A LITTLE GUIDE TO SOUTH WALES.** By G. W. WADE, D.D., and J. H. WADE, M.A. With 32 Illustrations and 2 Maps. Small Pott 8vo, Gilt top. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net. [Little Guides.]

**SILHOUETTES OF SWEDEN.** By E. C. HARGROVE. With 20 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s. [Ready.]

**THE RING OF NATURE.** By G. G. DESMOND. With 4 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

**HOME LIFE IN RUSSIA.** By DR. ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT. With 12 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

## FICTION.

**THE LOVE PIRATE.** By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON, Authors of "The Heather Moon." Crown 8vo. 6s.

**A KNIGHT OF SPAIN.** By MARJORIE BOWEN, Author of "I Will Maintain." Crown 8vo. 6s. [Ready.]

**THE ADVENTURES OF DR. WHITTY.** By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM, Author of "Spanish Gold." Crown 8vo. 6s.

**AN AFFAIR OF STATE.** By J. C. SNAITH, Author of "The Principal Girl." Crown 8vo. 6s. [Ready.]

**MARY ALL-ALONE.** By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of "The Quest of the Golden Rose." Crown 8vo. 6s. [Ready.]

**THE BELOVED ENEMY.** By E. MARIA ALBANESI, Author of "Olivia Mary." Crown 8vo. 6s.

**THE PEARL STRINGER.** By PEGGY WEBLING, Author of "A Spirit of Mirth." Crown 8vo. 6s. [Ready.]

**THE FOOL IN CHRIST.** By GERHART HAUPTMANN. Crown 8vo. 6s. [Ready.]

**CHANGE OF CLIMATE.** By A. A. METHLEY, Author of "The Key of Life." Crown 8vo. 6s.

**THE TERRORS AND OTHER STORIES.** By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**IF IT PLEASE YOU!** By RICHARD MARSH, Author of "Judith Lee." Crown 8vo. 6s.

**LED INTO THE WILDERNESS.** By WILLIAM E. BAILEY. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**WO<sub>2</sub>.** By MAURICE DRAKE. Crown 8vo. 6s. [Ready.]

**REQUIT.** By Mrs. J. O. ARNOLD, Author of "Honours Easy." Crown 8vo. 6s.

**THE EVOLUTION OF EVE.** By BERTHA SHELLEY, author of "Enderby." Crown 8vo. 6s.

**PASSIONS OF STRAW.** By EVELYN F. HEYWOOD. Crown 8vo. 6s. [Ready.]

**HADOW OF 'SHAWS.** By THEO DOUGLAS (Mrs. H. D. Everett). Crown 8vo. 6s. [Ready.]

**STUDIES IN LOVE AND IN TERROR.** By Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**UNCONVENTIONAL MOLLY.** By JOSEPH ADAMS. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**THE WARE CASE.** By GEORGE PLEYDELL. Crown 8vo. 6s.

METHUEN & CO., LTD., 36, Essex Street, London, W.C.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors by THE NATIONAL PRESS AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London; and Published by THE NATION PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED at the Offices, 10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1913.

3.

ts

. G.  
chool.

A.E.,  
tions.

ARE.

W.

net.

By

ennis

THEL

Fcap.

FRED

TUEL

Cox,

illus-

ctions,

ather.

uider.

DRY.

t Svo.

uider.

ES.

illus-

net;

uider.

. C.

eady.

OND.

.O S.

et.

. M.

. G.

WEN,

eady.

TY.

Crown

AITH,

eady.

uthor

eady.

MARIA

BLING,

Ready.

RHART

Ready.

HLEY,

ES.

ARSH,

ELIAN

Ready.

or of

ERTHA

N F.

eady.

(Mrs.

eady.

. By

JOSEPH

Crown

ondon;

1913.